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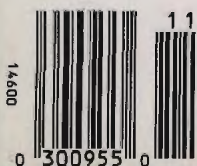
(STARRING
THAT TORRID TOON)

ELECTION COVERAGE,
PLAYBOY STYLE
**WOMEN OF
WASHINGTON**

INTERVIEW:
**BRUCE WILLIS,
BACK ON TOP**

**WHY EVERYONE
IS ACTING
SO WEIRD**

**BUSH & DUKAKIS
BY ROBERT SCHEER**



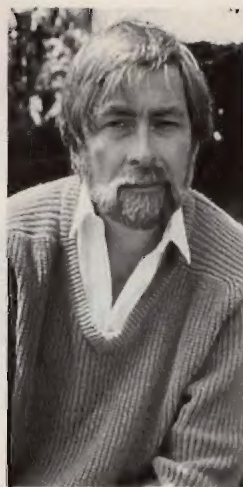
PLAYBILL

IT'S ELECTION TIME again, which means it's time for **Robert Scheer** to give us the scoop on the candidates. A veteran *Los Angeles Times* correspondent, Scheer has previously exposed for *Playboy* the hearts, souls and characters of would-be Presidents **Nelson Rockefeller**, **Jimmy Carter** and **Ronald Reagan**. His portraits of 1988 nominees **George Bush** and **Michael Dukakis** are no less incisive and revealing. To decipher what makes them tick, Scheer hit the campaign trail and took reams of notes and taped hours of interviews—in which he displayed enough backbone to ask the hard questions other journalists sometimes omit (he suffered, in the process, the slings of at least one White House aspirant). The result is *The Men Who Would Be President* (illustrations by **Kinuko Y. Craft** and **Herb Davidson**), which should be required reading for every voter between now and Election Day. Want more Scheer? Pick up *Thinking Tuna Fish, Talking Death* (Hill & Wang)—a smart collection of his work that includes many of the treasures he has contributed to these pages.

The winner, whoever he is, will set up housekeeping at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. We've already done some capital sight-seeing for him. *Playboy's* intrepid Contributing Photographer and "Girls Of" demographer **David Chan** snapped *Women of Washington*, about whom *Washingtonian* columnist and D.C. boulevardier **Rudy Maxa** provides knowing commentary.

The Eighties aren't over yet, but we're ready to jam the cork back into the bottle and put a label on this decade. How about *Mondo Weirdo*? That happens to be the title of **Jerry Stahl's** look at politics, Government and entertainment in our wacky age. Stahl, who lives in Los Angeles, says he moved there for the weirdness. "Weirdnesswise," he says, "outside of the entire Midwest and select strips of Idaho, L.A. is the only place in America more peculiar than Manhattan." Beyond that, Stahl is delighted that the entire world these days seems to be playing with a 51-card deck. Personally, we prefer the decks that **Lewis Grossberger** recently traipsed aboard *Sovereign of the Seas*, the Royal Caribbean Cruise Line's flagship and the biggest cruise ship afloat. His observations appear in this month's cushy true-life adventure tale, *Moby Deck*. Among other lore, Grossberger found out who supposedly invented the celebrated elixir called piña colada. And that's worth celebrating. So is the new career of **Bruce Willis**, who has gone from wisecracking rake on *Moonlighting* to big-screen hunk. In a very candid interview with Contributing Editor **Lawrence Grobel**, Willis comes clean about his reputation as Hollywood's number-one party animal, discusses his favorite ladies and talks about why his career's back in high gear.

The Fiction Department makes us all feel superior with **Thomas Berger's** *Planet of the Losers*, a story about a klutz from another planet; you'll recognize the illustration as the work of the inimitable **Edward Gorey**. Our film critic, Contributing Editor **Bruce Williamson**, West Coast Photo Editor **Marilyn Grabowski**, Assistant Photo Editor **Patty Beaudet**, Senior Editor **Gretchen Edgren** and Senior Art Director **Chet Suski** confabbed for our annual glimpse of screen indelicacies, *Sex in Cinema 1988*. Cartoonist **Gray Jolliffe** contributes another episode in the troubled life of every man's best friend, *Wicked Willie*. Writing from London, Jolliffe tells us that he's puzzled by the fact that Willie's adventures, in book form, are a huge success throughout the world—except in the U.S. "They sell more copies in Finland!" Beverly Hills skin specialist **Nance Mitchell**, author of *Skin Sense*, tells you what to do with fragrance in *Scents and Sensibility*. There's lots, lots more, including some bonus chuckles garnered by **Dick Lochte**, who chatted up Monty Python alumnus and *A Fish Called Wanda* star **John Cleese** for this month's *20 Questions*, plus the other Pia—our November Playmate **Pia Reyes**. But before you go gaga over this *Thrilla from Manila*, don't forget to vote—in our annual *Playboy Music Poll*, of course!



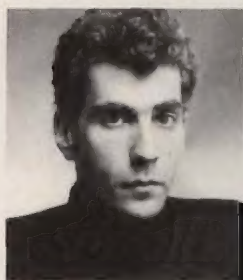
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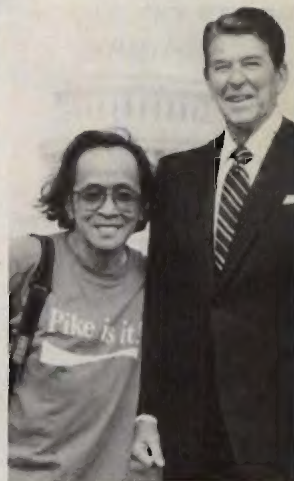
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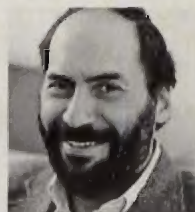
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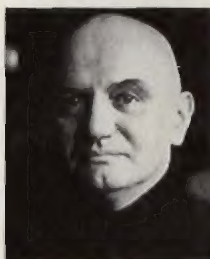
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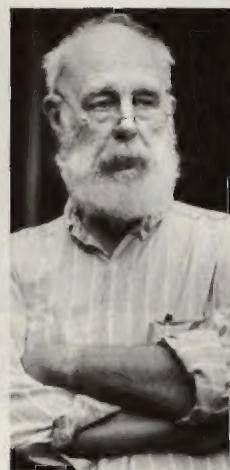
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CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL	3
DEAR PLAYBOY	9
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS	13
SPORTS	DAN JENKINS 33
MEN	ASA BABER 36
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL 38
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR	41
DEAR PLAYMATES	47
THE PLAYBOY FORUM	49
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRUCE WILLIS—candid conversation	59
THE MEN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT—article	ROBERT SCHEER 80
WOMEN OF WASHINGTON—pictorial	text by RUDY MAXA 87
MOBY DECK—travel	LEWIS GROSSBERGER 98
THE SKINS GAME—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE 100
THRILLA FROM MANILA—playboy's playmate of the month	106
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor	118
MONDO WEIRDO—article	JERRY STAHL 120
SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY—modern living	NANCE MITCHELL 124
PLANET OF THE LOSERS—fiction	THOMAS BERGER 126
20 QUESTIONS: JOHN CLEESE	128
SEX IN CINEMA 1988	text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON 132
1989 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL	143
WICKED WILLIE'S LOW-DOWN ON MEN	GRAY JOLLIFFE and PETER MAYLE 149
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE	183



Washington Women

P. 87



Cruise News

P. 98



Playmate Pia

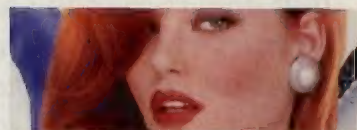
P. 106



Warming Trends

P. 100

COVER STORY We've transformed our September Playmate, Laura Richmond, into Toontown's seductress Jessica Rabbit, torch-singing star of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. What an eye-ful! The cover was designed by Art Director Tom Staebler and photographed by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda. Laura's hair was styled by John Victor and her make-up is by Pat Tomlinson.



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Malcolm Forbes, publisher and motorcyclist. "As one who loves motorcycling, I feel personal responsibility for helping to keep motorcycling unfettered by unneeded rules and regulations. By keeping our riding habits reasonable, it'll help enormously to keep unwanted

laws off the books. By muffling the unnecessary noise that annoys so many, we make friends rather than enemies. By obeying traffic safety laws, we protect ourselves and need have no truck with those who would outlaw us. That's not much to ask if it saves cycling freedom for us and future generations of cycle enthusiasts."



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NO LOVE LOST FOR HARVEY

Harvey Fierstein (*Playboy Interview*, August) suffers from the problem people of all sexual preferences suffer from: the inability to discuss sex without bragging.

Gay men and women brag about fighting heterosexual oppression and about how many times they get laid by members of the same sex; bisexuals brag about believing in free love in the face of bigotry from both gays and straights; heterosexuals brag about getting laid, procreating or being "normal"; and celibates and virgins brag about not getting laid.

Nobody really gives a flaming rat's ass who fucked whom with what, when, why and how. But, unfortunately, people like Fierstein can't exist unless they make a political issue of their sexuality.

Michael A. Stasko
Columbus, Ohio

COOL MEMORIES

Three cheers for Craig Vetter's *Aspen When It Was Cool* (*Playboy*, August). Just reading the article brought back a rush of memories and good feelings. That is quite perplexing, since I have never been to Aspen. Whether intentionally or not, Vetter strikes a chord that is much deeper than Aspen itself. Many of us who were lucky enough to stop for a few days and spend a few years in our own particular Aspen and survive the early Seventies share a common bond. My particular Aspen was located in the Ozark Mountains and was filled with drugs, nature, friends and very good times. Yes, we kept vampire hours, lay by the rivers and streams naked and practiced the most bizarre chemical research on our own bodies. Most of us survived and were able finally to escape and go on to lead normal lives. To quote from a sentence that was never truer, "We were young and stupid, and whatever the risks, whatever the mortgage we were taking on body and soul, the laughter alone seemed worth it." Is this Aspen a real place? I think not. In a time when drugs are a "plague on society" and sex is a "tool of the Devil," that

Aspen does not exist. But thank God I haven't lost those memories.

Richard Perzan
Oakhurst, Texas

GIVE 'EM HELLE

I was fortunate to be part of the annual Danish-American Friendship Day in August 1988. Playmate Helle Michaelson's home town of Aalborg, Denmark, a few years back, and the hospitality was terrific. Should her duties ever bring her to Georgia, she is certainly welcome to contact me here in Athens, which can be just about as much fun as Aalborg.

Alan B. Fecteau
Athens, Georgia

November 2, 1968, must have been a great day. Both Helle Michaelson, your August 1988 Playmate, and Brandi Brandt, your October 1987 Playmate, were born on that date. Coincidence or what?

Brian Marantz
Irvine, California

PALIMONY CAPER

After reading *The Great Palimony Caper* (*Playboy*, August), I'd like to comment. I am a woman who, believing in equal rights for men and women, was most disappointed with the outcome of Marvin Mitchellson's previous palimony suits. I don't believe that a woman can expect to be treated as an equal when she resorts to suing a man if he refuses to marry her. I can't believe that the courts would even consider such a case, when it seems obvious that if a man wishes to make a partnership legal, he can do so through marriage. After seeing Carrie Leigh on television describing how she had been hurt in the relationship (as if she had had no will of her own), I got angry. Tough, that's life. Grow up!

Kelly Ryan Harris
Jacksonville, Florida

The Great Palimony Caper left me feeling nothing but pity for Carrie Leigh. When I parted from a loved one, I took with me all



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the memories we shared. These cannot be bought, not even with \$67,000,000; if Carrie Leigh doesn't know that by now, she'll be poor forever.

Debbie Danel
Watsonville, California

I find it truly sad to read how some people abuse relationships after being extended almost unimaginable privileges. One has to compliment Mr. Hefner on the way he treated the one he loved during some trying times and on the positive attitude he maintained after his ordeal. I also found interesting the CBS program *60 Minutes*, in which Marvin Mitchelson's character was seriously questioned. I guess every rose has its thorns, but it's good to see Mr. Hefner still flying his winning colors and enjoying life.

Kevin Kittrell
Fort Worth, Texas

Let's face it: What Leigh pulled on the old bean was cruel and unusual punishment. Hef deserves better, and with Kimberley Conrad, he has it. I'm happy for you, Hef! You're not bitter and, to be frank, that surprises me.

J. Kenneth Harrer
Detroit, Michigan

I can't help but get a huge kick out of the lawsuits to which Hefner, Johnny Carson, Joan Collins and others—particularly the men—have been subjected. One need only have power, position and wealth to become a target for every scheming, conniving, gold-digging con artist in the country.

DeMart C. Besly
Darby, Montana

Congratulations to Hef on the new woman in his life. I am sure I speak for many of your readers when I say, "Let's see more of Kimberley Conrad in upcoming issues."

L. Bland
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Being a longtime reader of *Playboy*, I have come to expect from your magazine objective editorial standards. So I am writing to express my disappointment about the publication of *The Great Palimony Caper*. I care very little for people who compulsively file lawsuits, and I have outright disdain for lawyers who push litigation the way street dealers push crack, but I also consider the offense-as-defense attack on Carrie Leigh to be beneath the dignity of a magazine of *Playboy's* stature.

Russell J. Cataldo
Kearny, New Jersey

For the publisher of *Playboy* to use the magazine to promote his side of what is essentially a domestic squabble is self-serving and tacky. It diminishes the quality of your otherwise fine magazine.

Arthur A. Lord
Tarzana, California

I was very disappointed in *The Great Palimony Caper*. It is unworthy of a publication that has provided intelligent and balanced coverage of the AIDS issue and an eloquent defense against censorship in the face of Ed Meese and his ilk. Not only is the subject matter of this article trivial, its one-sided treatment is laden with cheap shots and innuendo. Who really cares?

Blair Rhodes
Halifax, Nova Scotia

I thought I was reading the *National Enquirer* until I glanced back at the cover to discover that it was, indeed, the August issue of *Playboy*. Your article promoting Hugh Hefner to sainthood and nominating Carrie Leigh as shrew of the year is so beneath your normal journalistic standards that I was dumfounded. I can only assume that there is no by-line on the piece because the writer was embarrassed. The short story by Robert Silverberg that precedes it and the article on Gorbachev by Robert Scheer that follows make the tabloid approach of *The Great Palimony Caper* stand out like a sore thumb.

Daniel B. Hirschhorn
Chicago, Illinois

Hef readily concedes that "The Great Palimony Caper" was an overreaction to the fabrications about him promulgated by both Carrie Leigh and Marvin Mitchelson and widely reported in the media. "The article is factually accurate but mean-spirited," he



says, "and it doesn't really reflect my feelings about either Carrie or our relationship. I truly hope she finds happiness in her new life."

As for Kimberley Conrad, now Hef's fiancée (above), you will be seeing and hearing a great deal more about her in the pages of Playboy and elsewhere. Stay tuned.

BRIDGE OVER A TROUBLED WADDER

Asa Baber's *Men* column "Johnny Wadd Lives!" in the August issue is nothing less than graffiti on the pillar of class that you have erected over the years.

The idea that John C. Holmes (a.k.a. Johnny Wadd) was a king in the eyes of all men is absurd. I have seen some of his films, and for that reason, I do not con-

sider myself to be a puritan. Nonetheless, I was offended by what I read. The sort of man who considers Johnny Wadd to be "as famous as any movie star" does not read *Playboy*. And "making love" is not something Johnny Wadd ever did on camera. The 14,000 women he screwed may have enjoyed the experience, but I seriously doubt that they felt loved.

Michael L. Tomeo
San Diego, California

I would agree with Asa Baber's tribute to John C. Holmes if I could believe that Holmes embodied the qualities ascribed to him. Unfortunately, he does not seem to have been the loving sex partner Baber wants us to remember him as.

Holmes claimed to have mated with 14,000 women; it is inconceivable that he could have looked into the backgrounds and hearts of so many women and ascertained beforehand that he would not be hurting them. He might have wanted to care about them, but his actions say that he did not. He seems to have gotten in over his head, and because of that, plus whatever private reasons he had, his life was one of torment.

Holmes said he would rather have been a truck driver, and I think we should believe him. As a truck driver, he would have had a shot at a clean and happy life.

Linda Bairstow
Albuquerque, New Mexico

CUTTING HARRY ON THE BIAS

With all due respect to Harry Edwards (*20 Questions*, *Playboy*, August), I find his position on the role of blacks in athletics to be suspect. He seems to believe that the percentage of blacks in upper-management positions and in the sportswriting field should reflect the racial make-up of the teams. Does he also wish a large percentage of white sports fans to stop watching, so that the fan population will also be mostly black? Perhaps I am missing some basic element of logic, but I have doubts.

Lewis Guignard, Jr.
Charlotte, North Carolina

The subhead for *20 Questions* with Harry Edwards, which says that he tackles racism, isn't kidding. You can't get more racist than saying sports teams can't win without black athletes. I guess that is why the Celtics haven't won any basketball championships. I believe that if Harry Edwards would keep his mouth shut and quit forcing things, there might be more black managers and coaches. And as for his saying "I am for running candidates who have an appeal to everybody and who happen to be black," if I were a public figure and were to say I supported candidates "who happen to be white," I would be in the same boat as Jimmy the Greek.

Michael S. Earls
New Canton, Illinois





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Is it common for two people to disagree about sex? I've been dating my girlfriend for several months now. I thought we were getting along, but the other night, she refused to have intercourse. When I tried to find out why, she said, "Don't pressure me." My school has regular indoctrination courses in date rape and sexual harassment, so I backed off. But I still wondered, what does it mean?—M. G., Boston, Massachusetts.

Probably nothing. We can't tell you what was on your girlfriend's mind, but we can put the problem into perspective. Two Canadian researchers recently studied dating disagreements among college students, in which the man wanted more sex than the woman. How frequently did couples disagree? Almost half of the participants reported one or more disagreements, though they happened on only about seven percent of the dates studied. The most frequent cause of disagreement involved intercourse (32.1 percent), followed by breast play (23.2 percent). More often than not, the disagreement occurred after sexplay had begun (94.6 percent said they were engaged in consensual sexual activities immediately prior to disagreement). More than half (60 percent) of the men said that they were refused an activity they had previously engaged in with the same partner. How do guys react to refusal? More than half (60.7 percent) unquestioningly stopped their advances. (Interestingly, the more sexually experienced the male, the more likely he was to comply.) A small minority (16.1 percent) questioned their dates' refusal and a smaller group (7.1 percent) attempted to persuade their dates. One out of 20 verbally expressed anger, while one out of ten tried to continue with the unwanted advances. Overall, the study found that college students today follow the traditional stereotypes: The males initiate sexual activity (usually nonverbally), while the females exert negative control, avoiding sex or rebuffing the advance if they're not interested. Is there ever a problem in the other direction? Apparently, yes. A study by two researchers in Texas found that while more women (97.5 percent) than men (93.5 percent) had experienced unwanted sexual activity, more men (62.7 percent) than women (46.3 percent) had experienced unwanted intercourse. Going along with an insistent partner is not a recipe for great sex; why indulge in half-hearted behavior? If the signal is mixed, don't mix.

There seem to be more and more double-breasted suits these days. Although I like the look, I am only 5' 8" and am not sure that I can carry it off. Also, are there any rules about where and when to wear a double-breasted jacket?—S. S., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Double-breasted suits and sports coats are certainly making a comeback, with many suit manufacturers reporting close to half of their



sales in double-breasted models. Do not fear, however; both tall and short men can take advantage of this trend. In actuality, the long diagonal line of the lapel on a double-breasted jacket, especially when buttoned on the bottom button, can make you look taller. We would not, however, recommend double-breasted jackets if you have wide hips, because the cut of the jacket exaggerates them.

Although double-breasted are usually considered dressier than single-breasted models, there are no strict rules as to appropriate times or places to wear them. In fact, there is such a wide variety of fabrics, colors and patterns that you can find double-breasted for both dress and casual wear. When wearing your double-breasted suit or sports coat, keep your jacket buttoned except when seated and button only the top or the bottom button—never both.

I recently had a special encounter with my girlfriend. She was, or is, still a virgin. Let me explain. One night, we began to make out on my balcony beneath the stars. As our situation intensified, I was asked to come close without actually making love. As my penis caressed the outside of her vagina, purely by accident, it entered her. Because I had no condom and she was not totally ready for the complete act of making love, we stopped short of full penetration. I had entered her approximately two or three inches and was performing some thrusting motions when we stopped. My question is, when does virginity end? I have come up with three possibilities: (1) when the penis penetrates the actual outside of the vagina; (2) when the penis penetrates to the point of the cherry's being broken; (3) as a medical book states: sexual intercourse—male ejaculation of semen

into a female's vagina. If we were never to speak to each other again, would I be considered her first?—S. C., Muncie, Indiana.

Yes. And, if you were never to speak to her again, her first jerk. Now that you are experimenting with manhood, start acting like you have one. Your penis did not find its way into her vagina by accident. The slight thrusting motions were not merely your attempts to get traction on a slippery surface. If you had ejaculated, it might not have mattered whether or not the old definitions applied—she could have ended up pregnant. Before you proceed, speak to her again. Decide on a form of birth control and use it. Then you'll be her first good lover.

I consider myself a bit of a hand at recording home videos. I find, however, that any sort of walking or bouncing motion sends the resulting picture to the moon with its quaking and shaking. Can you suggest a way to eliminate my unsteady ways?—P. C., Glenview, Illinois.

Until recently, the only solution to jitter caused by camera movement was the Steadicam system, used in professional motion-picture production. It offered a bounce- and bother-free picture with a floating lens. Panasonic has brought this type of technology to the home-video market with its PV-460 OmniMovie VHS camcorder. An electronic image stabilization system (a lens that bobs and weaves like a heavyweight champ) virtually eliminates distracting bounces and jumps. Available in a full-size camcorder only, it sells for about \$2000.

One of my friends has a problem with drugs. I've tried to get him to seek counseling, but he insists that he does not have a problem, that I'm the problem. How would you deal with this situation?—A. F., Detroit, Michigan.

The American Psychiatric Association publishes the "Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders." It does not address the legal issues of drug use, but it does provide diagnosis of psychoactive-substance dependence. Does your friend do at least three of the following? (1) Substance often taken in larger amounts or over a longer period than the person intended; (2) persistent desire or one or more unsuccessful efforts to cut down or control substance use; (3) a great deal of time spent in activities necessary to get the substance (e.g., theft), taking the substance (e.g., chain smoking) or recovering from its effects; (4) frequent intoxication or withdrawal symptoms when expected to fulfill major role obligations at work, school or home (e.g., does not go to work because hung over, goes to work or school 'high,' intoxicated while taking care of his or her children) or when substance use is physically hazardous (e.g., drives when intoxicated); (5) important social, occupational or recreational activities

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given up or reduced because of substance use; (6) continued substance use despite knowledge of having a persistent or recurrent social, psychological or physical problem that is caused or exacerbated by the use of the substance (e.g., keeps using heroin despite family arguments about it, cocaine-induced depression or having an ulcer made worse by drinking); (7) marked tolerance: need for markedly increased amounts of the substance (i.e., at least a 50 percent increase) in order to achieve intoxication or desired effect or markedly diminished effect with continued use of the same amount. Note: The following items may not apply to Cannabis, hallucinogens or phencyclidine (PCP); (8) characteristic withdrawal symptoms (see specific withdrawal symptoms under Psychoactive Substance-induced Organic Mental Disorders); (9) substance often taken to relieve or avoid withdrawal symptoms.” In addition: “Some symptoms of the disturbance have persisted for at least one month, or have occurred repeatedly over a longer period of time.” This is as good a check list as any. Run it past your friend.

I’ve read that using safety belts in the back seat of a car can be more dangerous than not buckling up. Is that true?—F. B., New York, New York.

Yes and no, depending on the type of accident, the type of belt and the way it is worn. Most cars now on the road still have lap belts only—instead of lap/shoulder harnesses—for rear-seat passengers. A lap belt worn too loosely and/or too high around the abdominal area can, indeed, contribute to more serious injury than you might sustain with no belt at all, especially in frontal crashes. On the other hand, a lap belt cinched low and fairly tight around the hips (as in an airplane) should prevent your being slammed around inside the car or, worse, ejected through the doors or windows in all types of accidents, including the roughly 50 percent that are primarily frontal. The best protection, of course, is provided by properly worn three-point lap/shoulder belts, which hold you tightly in place and spread crash energy across your hips and chest, the body’s strongest areas. These effective belt systems have been provided for front-seat occupants for 20 years and should be in the back seats of most new cars by 1989. Our advice is that all passengers, front and rear, should buckle up, even for short, local trips. Adjust for comfort (tape some padding onto areas that rub you wrong, if necessary), but don’t leave belts loose or put the shoulder strap under your arms. We wouldn’t ride around the block unrestrained, even in the back seat.

A friend has just returned from the Far East with what has to be a tall tale. He says that technicians in Japan have invented a singing condom. Is he pulling my leg?—W. F., Seattle, Washington.

A report in the medical press lends credibility to your friend’s story. Researchers put a microchip in the base of a condom. It works in the same way those musical greeting cards

do—chiming the Beatles’ “Love Me Do” at the “vital moment.” We are waiting for the musical condoms to make their debut in the United States. Will there be additional song titles (e.g., Michael Jackson’s “Beat It”)? Will your date ask for an encore? Who knows? We’ll keep you posted.

How long does wine keep after the bottle has been opened? Are there any differences between reds and whites? Any tips on how to extend the life of an opened bottle?—G. M., New York, New York.

The thing to remember about opened bottles of wine is that air is wine’s enemy. Obviously, as the bottle is emptied, there’s more room for air to enter—which affects the wine that’s left. Generally speaking, reds hold up somewhat better than whites, but the procedure for dealing with opened bottles is the same for both. At a minimum, recorking the bottle and refrigerating it will maintain the drinkability of white wines for a day or two and of most reds for several days. To further increase the life span of leftover wine, pour it into a clean—preferably sterilized—smaller bottle that can be tightly closed. (Empty soda bottles with screw caps fill the bill admirably.) Try to use a bottle just large enough to hold the amount of wine left, so that the space between wine and bottle top is as small as possible. Also, when pouring from one bottle into another, hold them close together to minimize aeration of the wine during the transfer.

In addition, there are several devices on the market that extend the life of uncorked wine by eliminating the air in the bottle. For further information on these, you can write to or call The Wine Enthusiast, P. O. Box 39, Pleasantville, New York 10570, 800-356-VINO, for its mail-order catalog.

I’ve heard that it is dangerous to brush your teeth or floss before performing oral sex. Why?—P. U., Dallas, Texas.

If God had wanted you to floss before having oral sex, He wouldn’t have provided pubic hair. Actually, a recent issue of Sexuality Today warned against brushing before having a bedtime snack—it is thought that you might lacerate your gums, thus opening the way to sexually transmitted infection. Of course, if you never brush your teeth, you won’t be able to attract a partner in the first place. This advice assumes that your partner has an infection. If he or she doesn’t, then continue with your normal program for oral hygiene.

This will be my first winter with a Subaru GL four-wheel-drive wagon. The owner’s manual says that with tires of different sizes on front and rear, the 4wd will be, at best, ineffectual—at worst, dangerous or damaging. My question is this: What will happen if I put snow tires on just the front wheels? I realize that the best traction in 4wd will be with four snow tires, but gas mileage will suffer, and snow tires on the rear will be useless. I live in mountainous country and we use 4wd often in poor weather, but most of the time, I’m in front-

forget the donkeys,
forget the elephants.
meet the nation's
favorite daughters

WOMEN OF WASHINGTON

text by RUDY MAXA

IS IT SOMETHING in Washington's water? Walk through the halls of Congress, take a summer stroll through Georgetown at night, meander down Connecticut Avenue during lunch hour. Park yourself by the Pentagon parking lots. What you'll see are svelte, sexy young women who would look at home and *soignée* on the boulevards of Milan or the streets of Monte Carlo. Most of these women are from Somewhere Else, drawn to the nation's capital by the promise of *(text concluded on page 96)*

Adding another dimension to a trio of politicians below are four of D.C.'s Capitol attractions. From left are Staci Leigh, a native of Marquette, Michigan; Michael Dukakis of Brookline, Massachusetts; Sherrie Echarté of Washington, D.C.; Ronald Reagan of Tampico, Illinois; Deenie Hale of Baltimore, Maryland; George Bush of Milton, Massachusetts; and Leslie Glass, also from Baltimore.

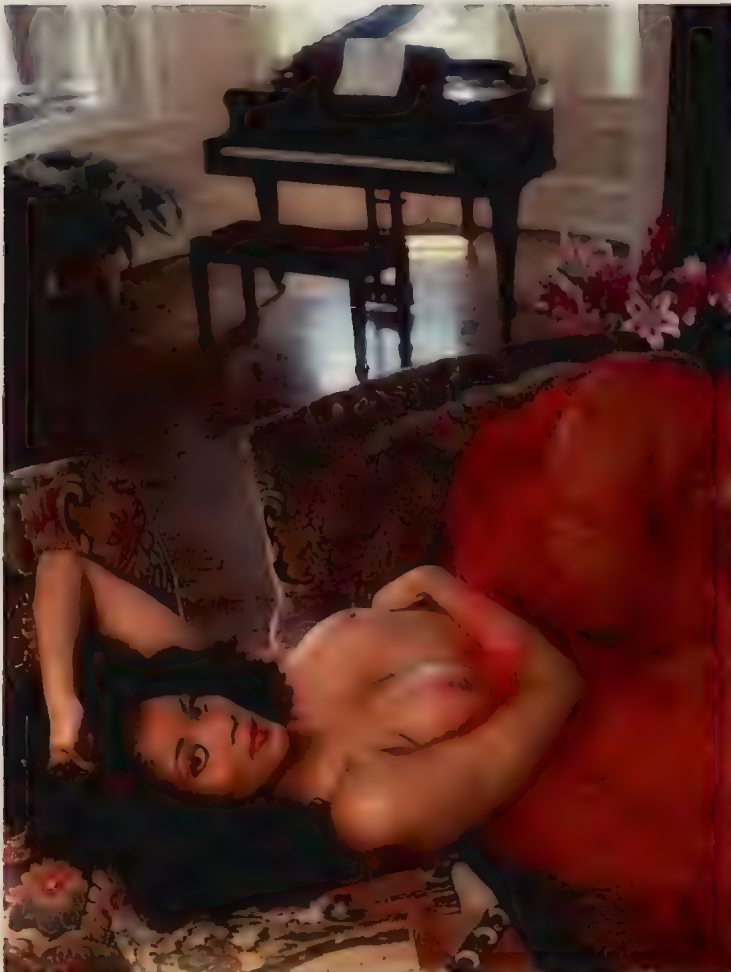
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID CHAN







Here again is model Staci Leigh (opposite), who lives in Fairfax, Virginia. Not one for D.C.'s hustle-bustle ("I don't like politics, people with an attitude or women's libbers"), Staci dreams of someday owning a house in the tropics. When she's not behind her desk at the Defense Department, Michele Edison (above) can probably be found camping out in the Shenandoah Valley. Turn-on jokes aside, Michele is actually a direct descendant of the fellow who came up with the light bulb. From the Department of Agriculture is Yvette Street (below left), a poet, piano player and—if she has her way—future princess to Prince. And Georgia's Pamela Pashkovsky (below right) is currently working as a security aide in the United States Senate. What's Pam's main ambition once her Congressional gig is over? "Retirement."





Hot on the campaign trail (above left) is feisty fashion model Lesly Brown. A devotee of Chinese food, karate and traveling, Lesly plans to trade her make-up case for an attaché case and become a lawyer. Cynthia Curtis (above right) is president of an engineering-reprographics firm with offices at the Goddard Space Flight Center. A confessed free spirit, she'll drop everything to see an Eddie Murphy movie. Below, meet Stacey Lutz, a diehard clubgoer and jet setter who enjoys weekend hops to New York, London and L.A. If her photo brings a smile to your face, fellas, make sure it's a sparkling one: Stacey's a dental assistant. Carolynne Connor (opposite) is an administrator for a Washington landscaping company. She says she's a member of one of the District's original families, the first generation of which "raised cattle on the lawn near the Monument."









Say hi again to Leslie Glass (opposite), a secretary and former skate-boarding champion. Partial to "shopping till I drop" and "eating nachos at midnight," Leslie raves about her 86-year-old great-grandmother, "who thinks my posing for *Playboy* is wonderful." Clearly, Colleen Cerniglia (above left) is most at home around water, listing beachcombing, scuba diving and island hopping as favorite pastimes. Attention, yachtsmen: She likes her guys "in cologne and tight jeans." Sharing the spotlight with Old Glory above right is Mimi Faillace, a California native and Virginia model whose dad is with the World Bank in Africa. Lisa Pittarelli (below) definitely has a way with figures: She's an accountant with the Federal Home Loan Mortgage Corporation and has been a finalist in the Miss Nation's Capital and Miss Virginia beauty contests.





Upstaging the Washington Monument (above) is, once again, Baltimore's Deenie Hale, a dancer and co-anchor for the TV show *Washington Style*. When away from the studio lights, Deenie prefers to cool down with cherry Popsicles and dips in the pool. Ask aerobics instructor Gwendolyn Rogers (below) about role models, and she'll light up. "I have this thing about Vanity," she says. "When I die, I want to come back as her. She's one of the, if not *the*, prettiest black women in America." Any other passions, Gwen? "Sushi," she admits. "It's almost as good as sex." Cindy Rich (opposite) is a secretary and a backup singer with a rock-and-roll band. Like every good American, Cindy will cast her Presidential vote in November. Where does she stand politically? She's an unabashed member of the Bush league.





career and adventure. And who can blame them? When Washington takes over the nightly news and dominates the front pages of newspapers, the city assumes the glitter and glamor of power.

Perhaps that is what makes Washington women so interesting. They are on the move. They are here for a purpose.

Politics, of course, is still largely a man's business (of 100 Senators, only two are female; and of 435 Representatives, 22 are female). But women continue to make history—whether it's Sandra Day O'Connor on the Supreme Court, Elizabeth Dole in the Cabinet or Texas treasurer Ann Richards helping shape the destiny of her party. And not a few have penetrated the corridors of power to bask in the reflected glow of, well, their men. Who can forget the stunning Fawn Hall, who riveted attention during the Iran/Contra hearings?

Perhaps it is precisely the fact that Washington is a man's town that causes the women to sparkle so brightly. The limelight enhances any woman. And raises questions. Only in Washington would Fawn Hall's boss, Oliver North, feel compelled to defend her virtue (and his) before the world, assuring Congress that he and his secretary had never been romantically involved. The lieutenant colonel's defensiveness was understandable; Fawn would not have been the first to stake out her own territory in this lair of the opposite sex. True, not every Washington woman goes as far as Rita Jenrette, the Congressman's wife who decided that she was sick of attending Moose Lodge meetings in South Carolina and having constituents show up at her Washington doorstep asking for lodging. When Jenrette posed nude for *Playboy* in 1981, she set Washington on its ear, violating every unwritten rule of the Congressional wife as the long-suffering helpmate.

She also gave the city a little glamor; Washington is fundamentally a conservative town, not the Sodom portrayed by some politicians campaigning to replace incumbent sinners. Journalist Barbara Howar once described sex in Washington as "Henry Kissinger slowing down to 35 miles per hour to drop you off from a date," and there's some truth in that. Politics is the engine that drives the city, and, like gambling, it can make a man or a woman forget about sex. But, in the right hands, power—as Kissinger observed when he explained why leggy blondes seemed to enjoy his company—can be an aphrodisiac. In his own league, a politician is a rock star, catered to by a staff whose jobs depend on his success, quoted by the press, flattered and lobbied by special-interest groups. He gets invitations to the right parties and tickets to sold-out events. Even a paunchy, middle-aged



When D.C. lobbyist Paula Parkinson (above), star of a November 1980 *Playboy* pictorial, was asked about rumors of hanky-panky with George Bush's V.P. choice Dan Quayle, she said she and Quayle hadn't actually slept together during a 1980 vacation in Florida. "He wanted to, but I was there as Tom Evans' date," she said. "We flirted a lot and danced *extremely* close and suggestively. He said he wanted to make love."

Congressman of little account from a Midwest farm district can parlay those perks into sex appeal.

So imagine the allure of the high and the mighty. Washington women, whatever their station, share a finely tuned sensibility to the possibilities of glamor and power. For their part, men must learn one simple rule: Don't get caught. Because, lest we forget, hypocrisy still reigns in Washington. In a town where a person's best currency is his reputation, the stakes are high for both sexes. Yet politically shrewd and powerful men have shown a lemminglike willingness to make fools of themselves—and wrecks of their careers—for the sake of Washington women, the very ladies one sees on Connecticut Avenue (and in *Playboy* pictorials). Nor did the history of such shenanigans start with J.F.K. or Gary Hart. Comedian Mark Russell likes to joke that Thomas Jefferson was so loved by his slaves that some had a special name for him: Dad. There was Grover Cleveland's illegitimate child and a host of lesser-known scandals.

Is it the allure of Washington women that makes their escapades the stuff of headlines? Certainly, these capital women have prompted some bizarre behavior. Consider the influential Congressman who was stopped for speeding one autumn night. His mistress—who worked as a stripper—jumped out of his car and leaped into the Tidal Basin as startled police watched; it was the opening chapter of the Wilbur Mills–Fanne Foxe scandal in 1974. And would anyone believe that weeks later, he joined her on stage at a Boston burlesque house?

Or what about the curvy Capitol Hill

secretary who permitted *Washington Post* reporters to follow her on dates with her boss, a Congressman, because she was miffed that she hadn't been invited to his wedding reception? That was the explosion in 1976 of the Wayne Hays–Elizabeth Ray scandal.

Perhaps no story is as telling as that of Paula Parkinson, the blonde lobbyist who had a love affair with Representative Tom Evans, a married Delaware Republican whose star was on the ascent when his friend Ronald Reagan became President. The relationship doomed Evans' re-election but inspired Parkinson and her husband to consider secretly video-taping politicians having sex with her. The scheme never got past the fantasy stage, but Parkinson's back in the news with tales of a 1980 "golf vacation" in which she shared a Florida house with Evans, another Congressman and George Bush's V.P. choice, Dan Quayle.

It may be the perceived drabness of Washington that draws such attention to sexual scandal. Or maybe we simply like to be reminded that our often remote Government is composed of men of the flesh, and the Washington woman is imbued with almost magical allure.

Perhaps that's her reward for living in this city that's a playground where men may make the rules but women decide if they want to play. Whether the object of a D.C. man's affection is a secretary or a Secretary of State, she's likely to be savvy, attractive and up on current events. Beware only that her very love of adventure and her charms don't make *her* the current event.





KIRAZ

"Are you sure 'Outside' magazine wants a story about us doing this?"

THRILLA FROM MANILA

it's pia reyes, the philippines' gift to the mainland

Miss November is Filipino/Spanish/Portuguese/Chinese. Her eyes are as dark as the South China Sea. "I am an ethnic jumble," says Pia Reyes, with a grin that's all-American. Born



"Being Asian-American, I cater to my man's desires—but not at the expense of my own. I guess I'm midway between traditional and modern."





in Manila, the fifth of eight children—her siblings called her Number Five—Pia grew up in Havertown, Pennsylvania, with little ethnic consciousness. "My parents had their Filipino friends—Mom was always cooking this smelly fish—but I grew up like a white suburban kid. I played lacrosse, basketball and tennis. I was a jock—I never wore make-up until college." At Penn State, she played wing for the national-championship lacrosse team and blossomed into a bronze beauty. After stultifying stints as a waitress and a file clerk, Pia sent her photo to *Playboy* "on a whim." Now Number Five is Miss 11/88. "I still don't believe it," she says, "but I guess a jock with the right make-up can look pretty good."

"I'm not really that experienced with men," Pia says with a sly smile. "I'm still trying to figure them out—assuming such a thing is possible."





"Some men want to sleep with me because I'm Oriental. They think I'll be subservient. . . ."

5063

KODAK TX 5063

KOD



18A

19



19A



20

20A



"Maybe women in Bangkok are that way, but not me. Not all the time, anyway. . . ."

K TX 5063

P 1 0 8 2 3



21

21A



22

22A





This year, Pia moved 3000 miles closer to her homeland—to Los Angeles. "I'm like a tropical fish—I need the warmth." An unaffected beauty who only recently decided to concentrate on her career, she has already done a Coca-Cola commercial, danced in a Joe Cocker video and played a bit part in *The Young and the Restless*. "If they want a blonde, they get a blonde," says pragmatic Pia. "If they want an Oriental girl, here I am." Acting lessons are next—she would like to break the Hollywood mold and play parts "written for white girls, brown girls or yellow girls—for *any* kind of girls." Pia Reyes is living proof that the American dream comes in many appetizing flavors other than plain vanilla.

"Should I explain my Data Sheet? OK—yes, my bust measurement changes. It's bigger when I'm working out. Should I go and work out?"



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Pia Reyes
 BUST: 35"-36" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"
 HEIGHT: 5'8½" WEIGHT: 123 lbs.
 BIRTH DATE: July 3, 1964 BIRTHPLACE: Manila, Philippines
 AMBITIONS: Happiness... Health ... Love... Laughter
and a head start in an acting career....
 TURN-ONS: leather & lingerie, roller coasters,
funny men
 TURN-OFFS: couch potatoes, broken promises, cellulite,
phony people, tunnel vision, deception, plane delays
 ROLE MODELS: Joe Paterno, Jay Leno, Meryl Streep,
Kim Basinger, Frank Lloyd Wright
 MY MAN: He has a zest for life.... His mind
moves a mile a minute.... He makes me laugh....
He thinks of his woman before he thinks of himself.
 I ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW: what life would be like as
a blonde.
 SECRET FANTASY: making love in a gravity-free
space shuttle!



Skipping PHYSICS 201! My first "grammie"
award!!

A "fresh" Freshman
at Penn State....

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Pia Reyes



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A team of detectives arrived at the business executive's New York penthouse apartment and were admitted by a butler.

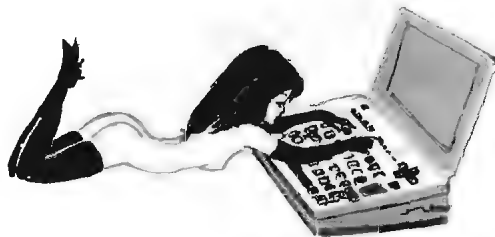
"Mr. James," one told the businessman, "we have some good news and some bad news about your missing wife."

"You'd better give me the bad news first."

"We found her floating face down in the East River this afternoon with eight large lobsters clinging to her body."

"Oh, poor Sandra," the man sighed. "What's the good news?"

"We're sending her back out in the morning."



While taking a break from the assembly line, two auto workers were discussing the strange twists life sometimes takes. "Who woulda thought," one mused, "that there would come a day when I would have more money than John Connally, higher morals than Jimmy Swaggart and more pussy than Rock Hudson?"

Two hunters were off on their annual trip to the Canadian wilderness to bag moose. As the seaplane landed on a lake in a remote area, the pilot said, "I'll be back in one week to pick you up. But only one moose, please."

When he returned to the lake, he found the hunters proudly standing beside two moose. "I told you guys only one moose!" the furious flier screamed. "There's no way the plane can take off with that much weight!"

"You're just a chicken pilot," one hunter said. "We killed two moose last year and that pilot wasn't afraid to take off."

Stung by the suggestion of cowardice, he reconsidered. "All right, if you did it last year, I guess we can try it."

They loaded up and the pilot taxied to the far end of the lake to begin his take-off. The plane bounced across the water as it strained to get airborne, but the overloaded aircraft finally ran out of space and crashed into the trees.

Some time later, the hunters regained consciousness. "Where are we?" one asked.

His friend looked around at the scattered debris, then back at the edge of the lake and replied, "Oh, I guess about a hundred yards farther than last year."

Sticker spotted on a London pub's condom dispenser: IF THIS MACHINE IS EMPTY, SEE THE BARKEEP. IF IT'S FULL, SEE THE BARMAID.

A New Jersey suburbanite had just motored through the Lincoln Tunnel into Manhattan when a hooker approached him and said, "I'll do anything you want—your wildest fantasies—for \$100. But you have to tell me in three words."

The guy thought for a moment and replied, "OK. Paint my house."

The cub reporter for a small-town newspaper was assigned to cover the upcoming local elections. Concerned about his inexperience, he asked a veteran newsman how one could tell whether or not a politician was lying.

"That's easy, kid," the old-timer said. "Just watch his body language. If he touches his hair, he's telling the truth. If he scratches his nose, he's telling the truth. But if he opens his mouth and moves his lips. . . ."

How many teamsters does it take to change a light bulb? Fifteen. You got a problem with that?

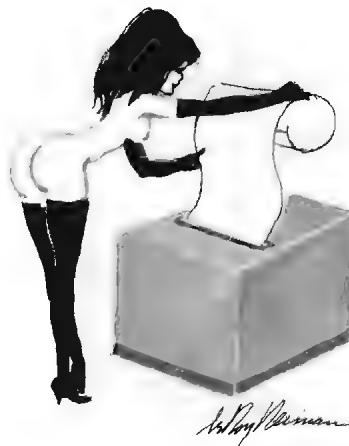
After the businessman was transferred to another city, he was required to have a physical exam with the company doctor.

"All the tests came out fine," the physician said. "But if you don't mind a personal observation, you have the smallest penis I've ever seen on an adult male. Any difficulties with it?"

"I've been married for twelve years, we've got two nice kids and a pretty good sex life. The only problem I ever have is finding it in the daytime."

"What about at night?"

"Nah. There are *two* of us looking for it then."



The genie of advertising offered a copywriter, an art director and an account exec any wish.

The copywriter said, "I've always wanted to escape to an island and finally write that novel I've been thinking about all these years. I want to create something that will be taught in colleges a hundred years from now."

The genie granted his wish and the copywriter disappeared.

The art director told the genie, "I want to go to Paris and paint that painting I've had in my head. I want it to be so beautiful that it has its own room in the Louvre."

Again the genie granted the wish and the art director disappeared.

The genie then turned to the account exec and asked what he would like.

"I want those two jerks back here *now*."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"And to think some people doubt the power of prayer!"





LANET OF THE LOSERS

myra, you may find this hard to accept,
but there's an alien in our own back yard

fiction

By THOMAS BERGER

WE HAD SOMETIME SINCE reached the stage at which anything could provoke a quarrel. In this case, it was whether the cheese had ripened beyond the point of no return, and Myra finally threw her glass not at me but across the kitchen, apparently without special target—it struck the refrigerator—and hardly had the spray of wine and powdered glass reached the vinyl floor than she was out of the house and in the car, and by the time I reached the porch, her back wheels were churning up a wake of dust and gravel.

It was her car, my weekend country cottage. It was Sunday evening. If she did not return by morning, I would have to find another way back to the city from this pastoral area that was serviced by no train and no nearby bus route.

I slunk back inside and refilled my own glass with the Rhone red I had extracted from a wooden tub half full of assorted

bottles at my favorite discount liquor store, an establishment that provided more than a few pretexts for our spats, for Myra fancied herself an oenophile but was, in reality, that familiar sort of wine snob who despises any label that he/she has never seen before you present the bottle for inspection.

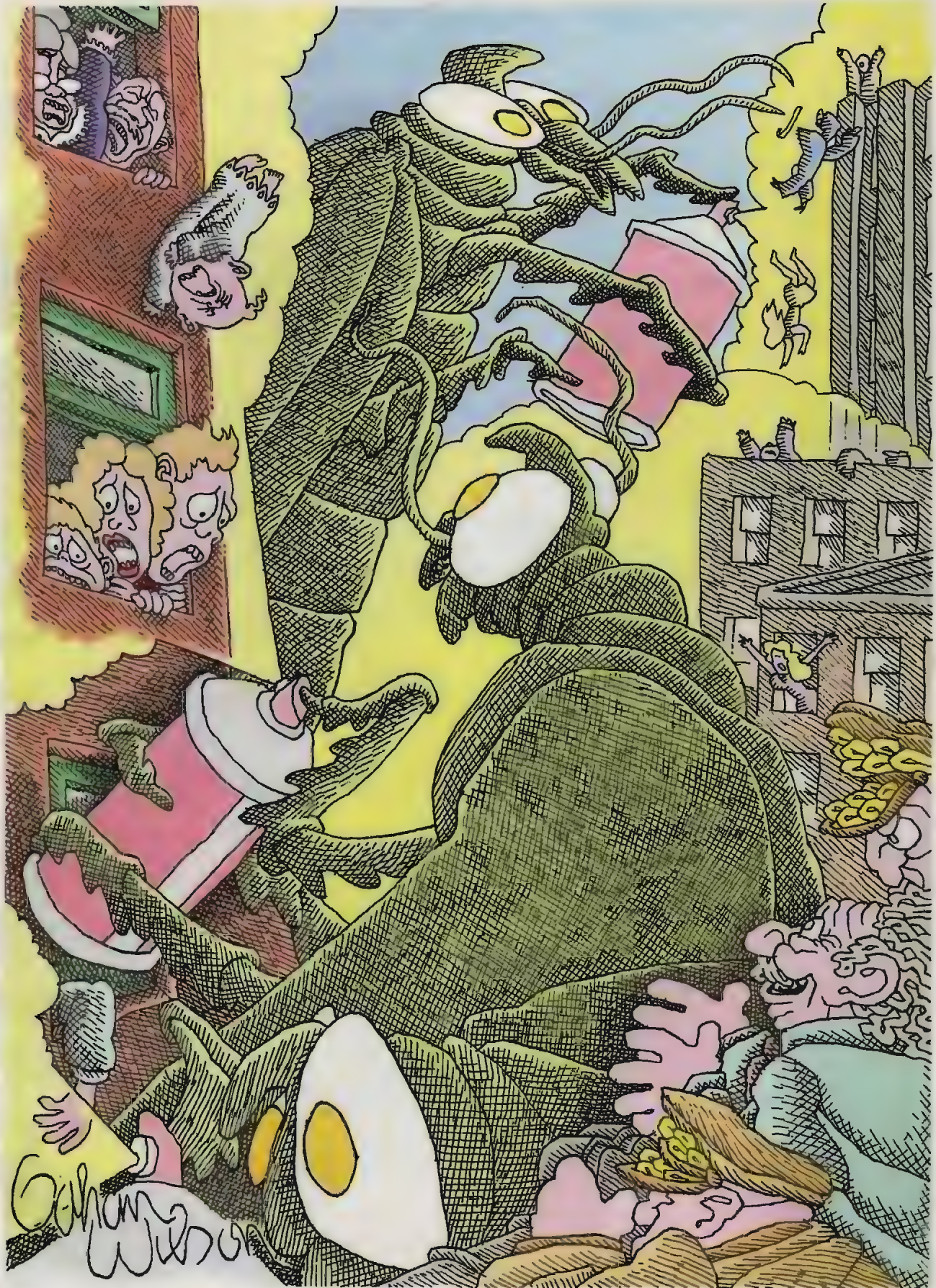
But before drinking my wine now, I cleaned up that which had run down the refrigerator's face to mix with the broken glass on the floor. That was a job that could not be long delayed, for my golden retriever, who was occupied outdoors at the moment, might return at any time, and he had the appetite of a goat without the impervious stomach that should be prerequisite. Which is to say, this dog would have been quite capable of lapping up both wine and glass. His name was Bub.

I had just emptied the dustpan into the pedal can that dwells beneath the sink when I heard the sound of an engine. Myra was returning much sooner than she usually did after a tantrum, and from

the awful noise being produced by the car, I could tell why. It was obvious that her old Beetle had finally revolted against a criminal lack of care.

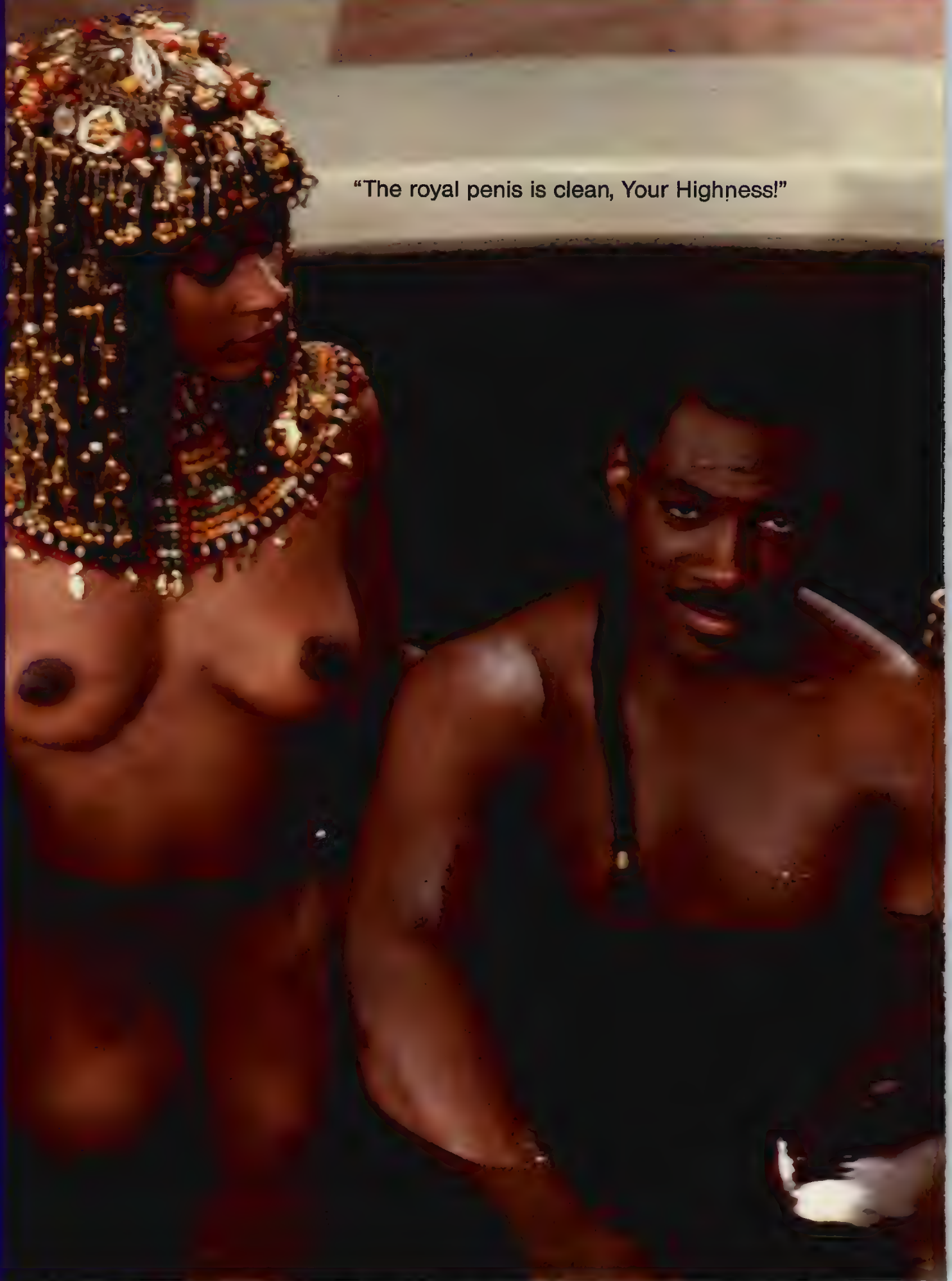
I hastened outside, I confess, to jeer. But when I crossed the threshold and stepped onto the porch, which Myra insisted was practically unusable without screening, I left my familiar world for that of hallucination.

A flying saucer was landing in the adjacent meadow. It looked exactly as they always do in low-budget s-f movies and the eyeball-witness accounts published in the trashy papers sold at supermarket checkouts. Which is to say, it was a great big disk with portholes around the rim. Have I said that the time of day was twilight? Some form of illumination, presumably electric, could be seen behind the portholes. The engines now ceased to produce noise, and as the gigantic Frisbee settled slowly to the ground, I heard nothing but the faint sound of the stubble being crushed. My farmer neighbor periodically gave this field a rest after



"In a strange way, General, we may have brought all this upon ourselves!"

"The royal penis is clean, Your Highness!"





SEX IN CINEMA

1 9 8 8

while blockbusters cop out
with a blink and a wink,
movies about the good, bad old days
deliver blasts from the past

text by **BRUCE WILLIAMSON** Last year at this time, pessimists were predicting that the AIDS scare would bring carnal knowledge on the screen to a screeching halt. They were only partly right. Moviemakers, as ingenious as ever, found a couple of ways to keep the screen sizzling: They played sex loose and light in such comedies as *Coming to America*, *Bull Durham*, *Moon over Parador* and *A Fish Called Wanda*—and they set most of their hottest plots (*White Mischief*, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, *The Moderns*) safely in the past, when “doing it” didn’t require a warning label. Moviemakers who treat sexual freedom as nostalgia may really be focusing on the bottom line. Audiences are getting older. No less a figure than Jack Valenti, president of the Motion Picture Association of America, has stated that filmgoers over 40 are the wave of the future. “The movie world,” he said, “need no longer be girdled round by boundaries set by the very young.”

Valenti might well have been talking about *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, director Philip Kaufman’s stunning, critically hailed drama based on a best seller by Czech novelist Milan Kundera. “It rekindles the sparks of adult sexuality on the American screen,” wrote *Time*’s Richard Corliss. TV’s Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert concurred, hailing it, respectively, as “a rare epic” and “the most erotic serious film since *Last Tango in Paris*.” The excitement stemmed from a complex tale of love, politics and infidelity set before and after the “Prague spring” of 1968, a period suffused with the Czech equivalent of *glasnost*, which ended with a Russian invasion. Made in English but with a (text continued on page 142)

SOMEDAY, THIS PRINCE WILL COME: To Queens, that is, in search of a royal mate. Back home in the kingdom of Zamunda, though, Prince Akeem (Eddie Murphy), the hero of *Coming to America*, has plenty of female companionship, including palace bath attendants Felicia Taylor (left) and Victoria Dillard. It’s Victoria who utters the scene’s most memorable line.



PLAYING FOR LAUGHS: Sex is safe, movie moguls reason, if it's funny. Witness this comic sextet (clockwise, from top left): *I'm Gonna Get You Sucka*, with Keenen Ivory Wayans discovering that Anne-Marie Johnson is more than the sum of her parts; *Moon over Parador*, in which Richard Dreyfuss, impersonating a Latin dictator, inherits unlooked-for perks; *The Couch Trip*, with





another impostor (Dan Aykroyd) having a ball as a pseudo shrink; *A Fish Called Wanda*, wherein John Cleese, starkers, is caught fooling around in a borrowed flat; *Bull Durham*, introducing Tim Robbins as a pitching phenom who's convinced Susan Sarandon's garter belt will provide better control on the mound; and *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, in which chanteuse Jessica Rabbit wows Bob Hoskins.

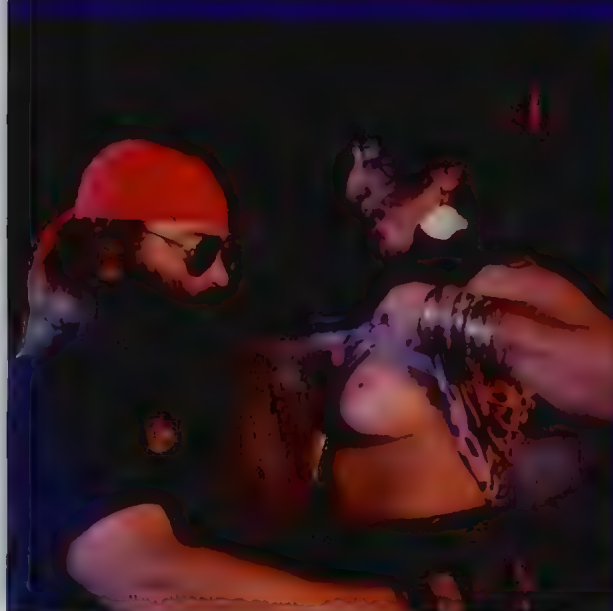


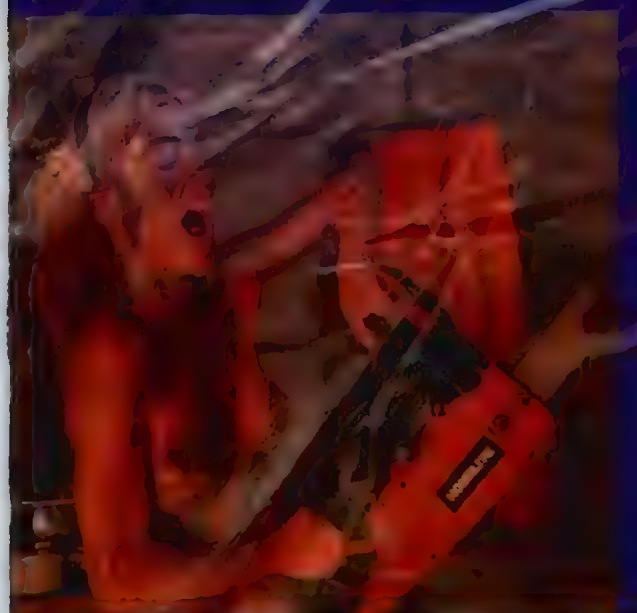




AUTEURI AUTEURI! Certain directors can be counted on for original approaches to everything—including sex. For *Bagdad Cafe*, Germany's Percy Adlon sets the generously endowed Marianne Sagebrecht (top, far left) down at a Mojave Desert truck stop. James (*A Room with a View*) Ivory tackles homosexuality in *Maurice*; at top, near left, James Wilby trifles with schoolmate Hugh Grant. Ten directors were asked to improvise on operatic themes for *Aria*; one acclaimed segment (left) is Jean-Luc Godard's setting of Lully's *Armide*, with Marion Peterson and Valerie Allain vainly(!) attempting to attract bodybuilders—played out, ironically, to the aria *Finally He Is in My Power*. And the dean of directorial outrageousness, Ken Russell, delivers *Salome's Last Dance* (above), a play within a play staging Oscar Wilde's banned *Salome* in a brothel. Above, Stratford Johns as Herod has eyes for stepdaughter Salome (Imogen Millais-Scott), who's being waited on hand and foot by a clutch of comely courtesans.

TASTELESS TITLES, FREAKY FILMS: What used to be called B movies now land quickly on video-store shelves, where lurid cover photos and tacky titles boost rentals. Among 1988's high kinks: *Pandemonium* (near right), with Ian Nimmo understandably ogling Amanda Dole, a Playmate of the Year from our Australian edition; *Stripped to Kill* (far right), featuring Maria Ford; *Surf Nazis Must Die* (bottom, far left), here revealing Thomas Searle being distracted from drugs by a bust (Cristina Garcia's); *The Toxic Avenger: Part II* (bottom, near left), with Phoebe Légère and John Altamura; and *Hollywood Chainsaw Hookers* (bottom, near right), with Linnea Quigley proving her qualifications. An exception to the direct-to-video route: the surprise hit *Beetlejuice* (bottom, far right). Here Michael Keaton makes a move on a ghostly dame who, but for him, would be beside herself.







CZECHS AND DALLI- ANCES, BRITS IN PITS:

Prague circa 1968, Nairobi in 1940 are the locales for two of the most unabashedly erotic films of the year: *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* (this page) and *White Mischief* (opposite). Daniel Day-Lewis, the philandering physician of *Lightness*, shuttles between his derby-hatted artist mistress (Lena Olin, left) and his wife (Juliette Binoche, below right). At left below, Juliette takes aim at Lena in a scene that suggests a mutual attraction. *Mischief*, a real-life murder story, delineates the decadent lifestyle of true Brits in Kenya during World War Two. At top left, Jacqueline Pearce emerges from her bath, having just wondered aloud who would fuck her tonight—but getting little response from her ex-husband (Charles Dance), his ex-mistress (Susan Fleetwood), who's the mayor of Nairobi, or a guy called Lizzie (Murray Head). This cozy colonial clique is shaken up by the arrival of Greta Scacchi (top right), whose torrid adulterous affair with Dance ends in his murder. At bottom, hands down the most talked-about scene of the year: At the morgue, Pearce and Catherine Malsen stand by in shock as Sarah Miles—yet another ex-mistress of the deceased—masturbates, then places a moistened finger on the corpse's lips, declaring, "Now you're mine forever."





decidedly east European flavor, *Being* stars England's versatile Daniel Day-Lewis as a young surgeon who's an incorrigible womanizer. "Take off your clothes" is the doctor's usual way of warming up a friendship, in or out of his examining room, and nearly everyone does. Eventually, the hero loses both his political and his sexual freedom through relationships with two remarkable women—his mistress (Sweden's Lena Olin) and his wife (France's Juliette Binoche). The movie's provocative highlight is a scene in which the two women photograph each other nude, their rivalry sublimated in a tantalizing charade.

There were minority opinions about Kaufman's vivid intellectual foray into sex and politics. One came from a *Playboy* reader who wrote to say that the movie should have been called *The Unbearable Lightness of Boring*, adding that his idea of sexy was *Two Moon Junction*. The reader has a point. Although *Junction*'s steamy love scenes far outweighed any real intelligence in its screenplay, writer-director Zalman King (who coproduced *9½ Weeks*) obviously knows how to photograph beautiful people having good, cheap sex. *Junction* is an overheated romance with the look and feel of the Fifties. Blonde Sherilyn Fenn plays a Southern doll, engaged to be married but ripe for plucking. She is plucked, and replucked, by a hunky carnival roustabout (Richard Tyson); one of their closest encounters is a public groping in a restaurant with dumb-struck breakfasters as witnesses. In private, she rekindles the flames of passion by watching a tape he made of their lovemaking. Sherilyn also sizzles through a suggestive scene with Kristy McNichol, in which the two swap camisoles just for fun.

Even more removed in time, place and tone is Alan Rudolph's *The Moderns*, a sophisticated, semisatirical look at American expatriates in Paris during the Roaring Twenties: loose women, men in drag, nudes out for a stroll at dawn. Linda Fiorentino enticingly plays a flapper who grants time-shares in her bathtub to John Lone and Keith Carradine, both of whom assume conjugal rights.

Not even a time warp of nearly 2000 years kept Martin Scorsese from getting into trouble over his film *The Last Temptation of Christ*. Outraged Bible thumpers demanded, sight unseen, not merely that it be censored but that its negatives be destroyed. What scandalized the clergymen, who had refused invitations to a special prerelease screening, was word of a dream scene in which Christ, nude on the cross, hallucinates about a fleshly relationship with Mary Magdalene—played by a tattooed Barbara Hershey. One minister who *did* attend the screening, the Reverend Robert W. Thompson of the First Baptist

Church of Evanston, Illinois, came down firmly on Scorsese's side, calling the film "a feast for the heart and soul. I must say this is a film I think Jesus would have liked." *Last Temptation* should have shown up at a theater near you by now. Draw your own conclusions.

Other cinematic remembrances of things past have ranged from *The Last Emperor*, in which the couplings of Emperor Pu Yi (John Lone, again) with his wife and chief concubine are hidden beneath satin sheets, to *Patty Hearst*, in which Natasha Richardson, in the role of the kidnaped heiress, has sex with at least two of her captors but appears nude just once—in a bathing scene.

Male buns are visible, as usual, in all sorts of screen situations. Connoisseurs could argue the relative merits of the *glutei maximi* of, say, Rob Lowe as a coniving gigolo in *Masquerade*, Arnold Schwarzenegger prowling through a Soviet steam bath in search of drug dealers in *Red Heat* or Daniel Day-Lewis (again) baring spindly shanks while streaking through a short-lived comedy called *Stars and Bars*. So far, no sign of Richard Gere's rear this calendar year, but Monty Python veteran John Cleese rushed to fill the gap with backside and well-guarded frontal nudity in *A Fish Called Wanda*, in which he plays a staid London barrister who's caught in a sexual caper with Jamie Lee Curtis.

Sex proves deadly serious often enough, reinforcing a trend as old as the teen-slasher movies of years past and re-emphasized by *Fatal Attraction* and *No Way Out*, a pair of 1987 holdovers portraying the wages of sin as potentially lethal that became best-selling videos in 1988. This year, after investigating zombies and making out with Cathy Tyson in *The Serpent and the Rainbow*, Bill Pullman is buried alive. In *Sister Sister*, a modern Gothic horror story, Jennifer Jason Leigh wakes up screaming from a blood-drenched sex dream as graphic as the one in last year's *Angel Heart*. *Murder One*, a drama based on the true details of a killing spree in Georgia, originally had a rape scene so horrific that most of it was scissored out—perhaps to return on video. Rape is also an issue in *Heart of Midnight*, another vehicle for Leigh, and is the subject of *The Accused*, starring Jodie Foster and Kelly McGillis in a story clearly inspired by the famous barroom-pool-table-assault trial in Massachusetts a few years ago. Here, the alleged attack takes place on a pinball machine.

But films about life on the dark side are seldom the ones to attract a huge following. By midsummer, everyone from Eddie Murphy to Kevin Costner appeared to be lightening up in a major way. Murphy's *Coming to America*, while spiced with mild nudity and a smattering of innuendo, is a surprisingly sweet romance.

Eddie plays an African prince who chooses Queens, logically enough, as the best locale in which to find a royal mate. The harebrained hero of *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, a landmark hit mixing live actors with animated Toons, is also relatively innocent, a cartoon superstar of the Forties. Roger hires a human private eye (Bob Hoskins) to check on his faithless wife because she has been playing—now hear this—patty-cake with a prop-company mogul. The wife, Jessica Rabbit, is a Toon torch singer with extravagantly designed boobs. "I'm not bad, I'm just drawn that way," she explains in a husky voice supplied by Kathleen Turner.

Even more naïve than Roger is the 12-year-old played by Tom Hanks in *Big*. Wishing himself into adulthood, he winds up as a toy-company executive whose perks include Elizabeth Perkins. She "sleeps over" in his lower bunk (he wants to be on top) until he discovers that there are things boys and girls do together even better than jumping on a trampoline. Runner-up in the comic body-switching category, which saw four entries this year: *Vice Versa*, in which Judge Reinhold switches identities with his young son and has to fumble it when Dad's girlfriend (Corinne Bohrer) gets horny, unaware that she's dealing with a boy in a man's body.

In *Big Top Pee-wee*, Paul Reubens' alter ego, Pee-wee Herman—the nerd seemingly least likely to swing—jumps the bones of a pretty aerialist (Valeria Golino) and sets off some clashing sex symbols: a train penetrating a tunnel, fireworks erupting, waves crashing on the shore and female wrestlers writhing in mud. "Grownups will get the joke," Reubens told an interviewer.

Grownups can definitely understand the naughtiness afoot in *Bull Durham*, a baseball-cum-sex summer comedy that scored another grand slam. As a Southern belle who has vowed to take just one minor-league athlete into her bed each season—the candidate has to hit .250 or better—Susan Sarandon ends up pitching woo with both Tim Robbins, the rookie of the year, and Kevin Costner, a seasoned veteran. Her well-tested theory is that a guy who's good at balling will also be good at playing ball.

Among other releases well worth a giggle, Paul Mazursky's *Moon over Parador* casts Richard Dreyfuss as an actor impersonating a Latin-American dictator who has inconveniently died. Going to bed with Brazilian bombshell Sonia Braga turns out to be one of the irresistible fringe benefits of his new role.

Unabashedly kinky are the goings on in *Track 29*, starring Theresa Russell as a doctor's wife down in Dixie. While the doc (Christopher Lloyd) spends his

(continued on page 179)



"Pardon me, folks, but this is merely a singles bar. Any commitments of a more personal nature should be concluded elsewhere."

DeTwenty Fifths of DeCember.



DeKuyper® Schnapps has DeHoliday spirit in store for you. Just check our "Deck DeHalls" display and enjoy the taste of true holiday DeLight.

**DeLiciously
DeKuyper.**

WICKED WILLIE'S LOW-DOWN ON MEN

Cartoons and Captions by Gray Jolliffe
Text by Peter Mayle

This is something that happens only to other men, but there do seem to be a lot of them about.

Their distinguishing characteristics are a refusal to accept the facts that they have outgrown their trousers, that sudden movements on the dance floor are likely to end in traction and that 19-year-old girls are immune to their charm and *savoir-faire*.

During this period, men are driven to try various rejuvenation techniques, such as monkey glands, vividly colored knee-length



dress gowns and Porsches (despite the fact that these are as difficult to get into as their trousers). As one might expect, Willie is not the sort to take a minor problem like menopause lying down, though occasionally he has to, due to his owner's tendency to fall asleep at inappropriate moments. Trying times, indeed, and who can say how long they will last? All we know is they do come to an end, ushering in the golden era of the Dirty Old Man.

A DIRTY OLD MAN



THE MALE MENOPAUSE



The male menopause is a very real condition causing the loss of many millions of man-hours each day, particularly in big cities, where there are plenty of girls.

At a certain age, some men worry about the loss of their youth and start acting strange...



like going to a trendy hairdresser...



Shall I dress both of them, love?

and chasing young women.

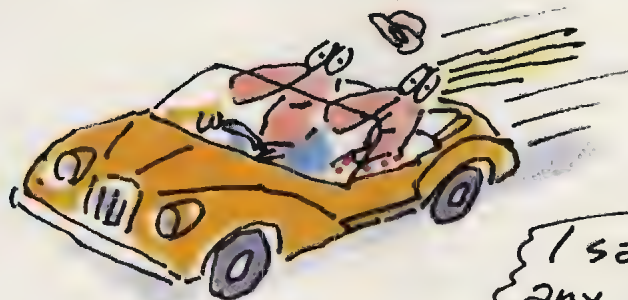
I'd love to get to know you better, but how about a spot of dinner first?



Suddenly, they try to get in shape....



Try to memorize the top ten....
Get new clothes.... Get an old sports car....



Boogie till the
small hours....

I said, don't you have
any Rock, my good man?

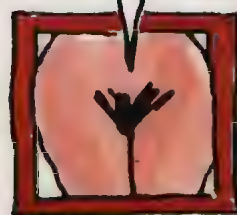
So how long does
the male menopause
go on for?



Sooner we start,
the longer it lasts.
Forty years if we're
lucky!



Mother nature is a
male-chauvinist pig. All
women get is hot flushes.



Conclusion: The male menopause
is no bad thing as long as you have
credit cards to help you through.

"We're from Wurtz. In the galaxy of Wile?" "Forgive me," I said, "I know almost nothing of astronomy."

shook its head and glanced back at the ship, after which it rubbed its chin, for all the world as my old uncle Marty would undoubtedly have done had he found himself debarking first from a vehicle that had just landed on an unfamiliar planet. I have not picked my example at random. As the spaceman reached the ground and began to approach the porch, I saw even more resemblances to my maternal uncle: an upper body that suggested an avocado, a head fuzzy at both temples but radiantly bald in between, a splayed sort of stride, with the feet at right angles to each other, and, finally, the kind of two-piece suit that, were it made of wool, would have been baggy but in polyester double knit looked, here and there, uncomfortably snug. He was not, as far as I could see, armed, but the possibility that he had available some more subtle kind of weapon, perhaps one that could be triggered by his thoughts, restrained me from assuming that because of his attire and penguin-footed stride, shared with Uncle Marty, he was as harmless.

But Bub suddenly lost all fear and bounded from the shelter of the back of my legs, approaching the space creature with bare-fanged hostility and a deep-throated, unpleasant sound that I had never before heard him emit.

The figure from the saucer abruptly halted, then bent at the waist and began to speak to the dog in a very human-sounding way.

"Hiyee, wuzzums! Is oo upset cuz fella on oor turf? Oo, but ize oor friend. Oh, what a sweet poochie-woochie boy oo is."

Bub hesitated for a moment, limbs and tail gone rigid, and then his growl became even more menacing and his advance even more ill-willed. It occurred to me that if the creature was not armed in any fashion, his comrades on the ship must certainly have weapons at their disposal, and with but one set of teeth, poor Bub could easily be outgunned. I silently cursed my pet, for without his display, we both might have slunk out the back of the house and concealed ourselves in the woods till the saucer had finished its business, whatever

that might be, and had taken off. As it was, I now had to put myself in jeopardy. But you just can't abandon a pet like Bub, especially when your closest female friend is someone as volatile as Myra.

I called out to my dog, praying that my voice did not sound as feeble to the space person as it did to me. "Bub! You come back here! These nice folks don't mean any harm." The last was obviously putting the wish before the fact.

Bub proceeded to growl more furiously, which I might have anticipated, familiar as I was with his tendency to grandstand when he believed I would be impressed.

But the man from the saucer straightened up from the crouch in which he had been trying to placate the animal and said in a voice quite as fearful as mine, "Hello, sir! Please forgive us for the intrusion, but I'm afraid we had to make an emergency landing, and we thought an empty field was far better for it than to crash into a hospital or any place thickly inhabited. Of course, we'll make any compensation within our power if we have damaged your land. You have a lovely dog. I'd like to pet him, but I'm afraid he doesn't seem to like me."

Encouraged by the pacific speech, Bub was now ready to jump him. I went down the three steps into the yard and in a burst of inspiration uttered the only words that could have any effect on my dog. "Bub, want some *steak*?"

The animal quickly exchanged the display of hostility for his wheedling act, a sequence in which grovel, if not answered immediately, gives way to snivel, and which normally is ingratiating enough. But the spaceman had precedence at this moment.

I fended Bub off with the side of my sneaker, smiled and said, "Hello. My name is Tony Walsh. I come here on weekends. That's not really my field, but I'm sure you're welcome to it."

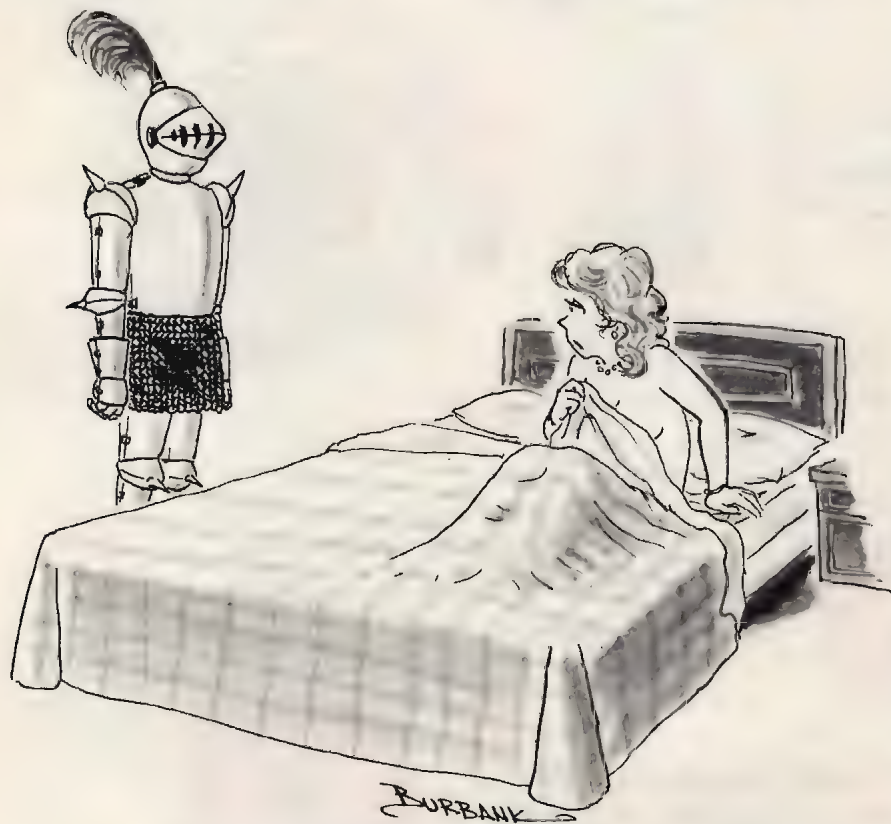
He came forward and put out a hand that looked, and felt, altogether human. "Hi there. My name is Wonk."

I had begun by now, without being at all conscious of it, to assume that he and his ship were actually American and only superficially exotic. But the simple sound of his name was enough to return me if not to fear, then at least to wonderment.

"Are you from, uh, someplace else?"

He was still shaking my hand in a rather flabby clutch. "We're from Wurtz." It was still sufficiently light to see that although he did not resemble Uncle Marty in any facial feature, he looked quite as human. He had a pug nose, crinkly eyes, a slightly recessive chin and what would seem a set of regular, if dingy, teeth. He waited as if for my reaction and when none came, said, "In the galaxy of Wile? You don't know it? It's just beyond—"

"Forgive me," I said, "I know almost nothing of astronomy, and, in fact, I've never even read much science fiction. I



"Uh . . . just how much experience have you had with safe sex, Ralph?"

GE ULTRA LIGHTS

ULTRA TASTE PERFORMANCE.



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relief in which an element of fear could still, however, be seen. "I still can't believe it," he said. "This is an excellent compromise between standing and lying down. Now that I know about it, I find it hard to believe that we Wurtzels have never discovered what seems so obvious." He stood up. "Still another thing to thank you for! But now, may I just have a look at those ants? I don't mean to be rude, but I'm afraid we're famished."

"If that's the case, then let me first fix you some soup. We'll have time enough to see ants." I waved a soup can at him and asked, "Are you an entomologist, by chance?"

He looked uncomfortable. "I'm afraid not, and I beg you not to think me the glutton I must seem. Forgive me; your sculpture is beautiful. After the meal, I'd like to see all your work." He made a sweeping gesture to indicate the expanse of the kitchen. "Your studio is lovely. I love the arts. I was myself one of the leading poets of Wurtz before the famine."

I inserted the can into the electric opener. "Of course," I said, "I don't have any influence on our Government, but I should think they'd want to give you people some assistance, hands across space, as it were. Golly, I'd say Washington will be so relieved to see that the first visitors from outer space are nice, they'll do anything for you." This was finally beginning to seem normal to me, realistic, believable, as I saw

the hairs in his nose, a tiny fragment of lint on his lapel. "Uh, which sculpture are you referring to?"

"The object you are now polishing."

"This soup can?"

"Forgive me, Tony Walsh," he cried desperately and, springing to his feet, approached me rapidly. "I'm afraid that unless you take me immediately to the ants, I shall be forced to give you a good tongue lashing!"

I put the can down. "I suspect we're not in perfect communication, Mr. Wonk, but if you have such strong feelings, I'll be pleased to do as you ask. Would you mind telling me what your interest in ants might be?"

He threw up his hands. "To eat them, for heaven's sake! I assure you being hungry is no joke."

This was really too much. Nevertheless, I switched on the floodlight that illuminated the rear yard and led the man, if such he could be termed, out into the weeds that ruled there. The saucer still rested in the adjacent meadow, silent as ever, its crew remaining unseen. "All right," I said, pointing to a mounded, sandy place near the rotting stump of a bygone tree. "I believe you'll find an ant hole there."

"That's all very well," said he, looking down, "but how can I get to them?" He raised his head and stared reproachfully at me.

"Oh, come on. You wanted ants, and

here they are. No doubt they're asleep at the moment, but surely you can rouse them by taking that stick and digging. . . . If, that is, you really do eat them and this is not some sort of hoax." I was annoyed.

Wonk raised his hands and backed away. "I'm no hunter. I told you I was a poet. Don't you have any farms, where the ants are domesticated?"

"Toy stores often sell so-called ant farms, glass boxes filled with dirt. The ants can be observed as they crawl through their tunnels and go about their business. Kids are given these by childless friends who have been invited for the weekend."

"I'm relieved to hear that at least your children eat ants," said Wonk. "From your reaction thus far, I assumed you didn't regard them as edible at all and you lived on the cans you spoke about and felt quite superior because you can digest tin. Well, so be it; we are obviously a younger race and haven't evolved as far as you. We need flesh for nourishment."

I picked up a stick with the intention of unearthing some ants for him, but then threw it down. "Mr. Wonk," I said, "from what I can see of you, we belong to races that, if not precisely the same, are pretty closely allied. Now, there's not going to be enough ants in this hole to feed a person your size, let alone your comrades in the ship."

"Tell me," he asked, "are we anywhere near a shop where food is sold? If so,

would it not be simpler for all concerned if we simply went there and purchased enough ants to take us on our way? We're perfectly capable of paying, I assure you."

"Briceville's five miles, but I'm afraid my friend has taken the car. Besides, you wouldn't be able to buy ants there. People here don't ever eat that sort of thing. You really must try other kinds of food. We have all sorts: grains and eggs and fruits of many varieties. Don't you eat anything else on Wurtz?"

"Some grasses and leaves," said Wonk, "as filler, but, of course, they're not very nutritional—to leave taste out of the picture."

"Please come back to the kitchen and try the sardines. They were cold-blooded when alive."

Wonk put his hand out. "Darned nice of you to offer. But I think we'd better try elsewhere. I hope I wasn't too rude earlier. I apologize."

"You're not going to get what you want anywhere else in this country," I said. "But I've seen pictures of eight-foot anthills in Africa. Perhaps you could zoom over there in your saucer."

He shook his head. "I confess that Earth has consistently gone beyond our wildest expectations. We were prepared to find

you had the wheel and the lever, things that even yet we haven't mastered. Our wheel is still awfully bumpy, though we have been making some progress from the square we started with: It's now hexagonal."

My suspicions about his authenticity had waxed and waned. This was too much. "Come, now," I said derisively, "you supposedly fly here from outer space in a vehicle that obviously has overcome the problems of gravity and friction and centrifugal force, etc., and burns a fuel that has no visible exhaust, and you *haven't perfected the wheel?*"

Wonk shrugged his round shoulders. "Oh, the ship. *They* left it behind. I don't think it needs fuel. It just runs when you move a switch and stops when you turn it off. To make it go up, you move a stick back, forward to make it go down, and so on. These things are all clearly labeled, else we wouldn't have the foggiest idea as to how to operate the machine."

"*They?* Who are *they?*"

"The superior people who occupied our planet for a while and dominated us, making us do menial tasks for them."

"But they left?"

"To conquer other worlds. They gave us up as completely hopeless, I'm afraid. Said

we don't even do a good job as flunkies." Wonk smiled sweetly. "They had robots who did all the skilled work, and we were supposed to do the cleanup, sweep the floors, carry out rubbish, and so on, but we couldn't seem to meet their standards. Finally, they put us to digging ditches and filling them in, in a wasteland area, but hard as we tried, we'd end up with a series of holes with piles of sand between them. A shovel just doesn't seem to do what it's supposed to when one of us is wielding it."

His manner was so sincere that I could not withhold a belief that there was substance to the outlandish story.

"Come along," I said, leading him back to the kitchen. "Please try some of the tinned foods."

After a short refresher course in the technique of sitting, he took a chair at the kitchen table and satisfactorily lowered himself onto it but fell off when trying to pull it, with himself, forward. He was not hurt, however, either in body or in spirit. It would have been hard not to find him ingratiating; he was trying so hard to catch on to new ways.

As it turned out, he preferred the oil to the sardines, licking the former off the latter and then dropping the fish onto the plate as one discards the cob when the corn has been stripped away. He was innocent of the uses of knife and fork and wiped his greasy hands on the lapels of his suit. When I urged the paper napkin on him, he polished the plate with it. With the worry that any beverage containing alcohol might affect him deleteriously, I found a can of soda and poured a glass of it, over ice.

Suspecting that in the absence of instruction he might do anything with the liquid but take it into his mouth, I told him it was exclusively for drinking.

He laughed politely. "Good heavens, you must think us even more barbarous than we are. I should say that drinking was instinctive and pretty much the same throughout the universe." He plucked the ice cubes from the glass and tossed them onto the table, then poured some soda into his left palm and, lowering his head, lapped at it dog fashion.

I decided to let that go for a while and was about to introduce him to peanut butter applied to a graham cracker (one of my own favorites for which I would not have apologized to Brillat-Savarin) when I heard the slamming of the front screen door. Before remembering that such was Myra's preferred way of reminding me that the spring was too weak to do the job unassisted, I assumed that one or more of Wonk's associates had become impatient for his report as to the local availability of food, and although Wonk himself had proved innocuous, I was not yet free of apprehension: They were, after all, the hungry crew of an alien space vehicle.

But it was Myra who burst into the



"Remind me to tell you about the hand job she gave me and Martinez in the back seat of his convertible. . . ."

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kitchen. She was at least as angry with me as when she had left, I'm sure, for it is a point of honor with her to hold a grudge interminably, but she was also, by reflex, a thoroughgoing optimist with respect to men she had just met. Irrespective of their age, appearance or type, she could always project some association of value—if not lover, then father or brother or just someone good with hammer and nails—and I found that an endearing trait, no doubt because I am much the same when it comes to women; perhaps we could be called pragmatists.

In any event, Myra lost her glower on seeing my guest. "Hi," said she, advancing with outthrust hand. "I'm Myra Clendenning."

"Myra," I said, "this is Wonk. Wonk, my friend Myra. Now, Myra, you may find this hard to accept at first, but if you noticed on the way in, there's a spaceship parked in the field next door. Actually, it's a real flying saucer, from the planet Wurtz. I didn't believe in them, either, till this one showed up, but there it is, and Wonk here came with it. He and the rest of the crew

are without evil intent. They landed because they're out of food. Now, as you know, we've got a few tins of this and that, and I'm introducing him to things he has never tasted."

Wonk had sprung up when she entered the room and bowed elaborately, as he had not done for me, and kissed her wrist.

I added repetitiously, "You may find this hard to believe."

"Why should I?" Myra asked, with a sparkling smile for the benign-looking alien, obviously reluctant to let go of his hand. "I've been expecting that one of these days, someone like this would come to reach out to us in our ignorance."

"Thank you, Myra Clendenning," said Wonk, "but I'm afraid *we're* the ignorant ones. I've only just been taught by your friend how to sit down and that there are other things to eat than ants, though I hope I'm not being rude in saying that there's still nothing tastier."

"What in the world has he given you to drink?" Myra asked, then glared at me and said, "Open the Talbot, for heaven's sake."

"I think we might wait for that," I told

her. "Everything's so new."

"It's *my* property," she said irritably though continuing to beam at Wonk. She went to the undersink area that served as a wine cellar and brought out the only bottle that remained there. She had bought it on sale somewhere. I suspected it was an off year, though I can never find one of those little vintage cards when I want to.

Myra deftly extracted the cork with the two-pronged nonscrew gadget that I have never mastered. "I know," she said to Wonk, "that you undoubtedly have much to teach us, not only about technology but about the more important issues. Foremost among them would be how to live in peace with one another." She poured some wine for him.

"Myra," I said, "he doesn't drink from a glass. You'd better——"

"Teach us," Myra said. "Oh, teach us how to live together."

"Goodness gracious," said Wonk. "I'm afraid we're the last people who could do that. You see, we were able to come to power only because our old Bosses went elsewhere in the galaxy to find new people to conquer and treat like scum. But now we're in the lamentable situation of being on top, with nobody else underneath us, no inferior folks to despise and mistreat."

He gave me a sheepish look. "I must apologize for lying to you, Tony Walsh. We came here not only to look for food. We were searching for slaves. But it didn't take me any time at all to see that if you are representative of Earth's population, we would be savagely whipped if we tried anything here. You have every advantage: You can eat and drink anything, you tame and keep as pet an animal that would otherwise be ferocious and you have a friend that smells sweet and speaks melodiously. I suspect she's an example of your females."

Myra hated being spoken of as if she were absent, and she moved quickly to assert herself. "I admire your humility," said she. "We can certainly learn a lesson from that. But don't sell yourselves short. Let me suggest that you get more particular in your search: Look for inferior *individuals*, not peoples. I assure you, the former are in abundance. True, collecting them one by one can be tedious, but the effort will be well worth it."

"Myra," I cried, "what are you saying?" To Wonk, I hastened to say, "Myra is known for her sense of *irony*. Let me explain that term——"

"No need for that," said he. "It's certainly one thing we are familiar with: pretending that what everyone knows is true is really false, and vice versa. It was the only way we survived when under the thumb of the Bosses. We could use less of it now that they've gone, but, unfortunately, we just can't seem to shake off the habit, even though it really makes no sense nowadays."

"You just let me characterize my own



"Dr. Snyder is busy at the moment. Would you care to indulge in some foreplay?"

SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

(continued from page 124)

Pierre Cardin and TerraNova.

FOUGÈRE: An old-fashioned lavender family more popular in Europe than in America. Some top *fougères*: Brut, Iron by Coty, British Sterling and Clinique's Tailoring for Men.

GREEN: A leafy fragrance that's a bit on the wild side. Although most men's fragrances use some green notes in their for-

mulas, there are very few true-green colognes. One example: Grey Flannel.

MUSK: A heavy, sensually suggestive fragrance. Some top musks: Jovan and Royal Copenhagen Musk.

ORIENTAL: An exotic, intriguing blend of spice (such as clover) and sweet (vanilla or amber) notes, along with incense smells (myrrh, for example). Some top Orientals:

Obsession, Pierre Cardin, Lagerfeld, Mennen Skin Bracer, Santa Fe by Shulton and Colors de Benetton.

SPICE: Your kitchen cupboard predominates in this category, with scents such as nutmeg, cinnamon and cloves. Some top spices: Old Spice, Night Spice, Halston Ltd., Sport Continental Splash and Perry Ellis Cologne for Men.

WOODY: As the name implies, a full-bodied woody scent, as in sandalwood,



"And they call us man-eaters!"

GUIDE TO COLOGNES

As a rule of thumb, colognes and after-shaves are of heavier fragrance and last longer than eaux de toilette or natural sprays.

LEADING LIGHTS

ANTAEUS: By Chanel. A sleek combination of spice, leather, tobacco and wood notes.

ARAMIS: By Aramis. The long-running classic is joined by Devin, Aramis 900 and JHL scents.

ARMANI: By Giorgio Armani. This goes with the rest of Armani's line.

DRAKKAR NOIR: By Guy Laroche. A refreshing blend of citrus, herbs and woods.

GREY FLANNEL: By Geoffrey Beene. Herbaceous notes set this apart: One of the rare men's fragrances that belong strictly to the green family.

OBSESSION FOR MEN: By Calvin Klein. Elegant, Oriental, exotic.

PAUL SEBASTIAN: By Paul Sebastian, Inc. (Also V.S.O.P. and Brownstone.) Refined, no-nonsense packaging and a subtle, virile scent.

POLO: By Ralph Lauren. A crisp, sporting bouquet with leather and tobacco middle notes.

TUSCANY: By Aramis. A Mediterranean bouquet of geranium, patchouli and bergamot.

VINTAGE: By Gruene, producers of a top-notch skin-care line for men.

And don't forget Bowling Green and Xeryus.

OTHER ELEGANT ENTRIES

KOUROS and YSL POUR HOMME: By Yves Saint Laurent. The former features a warming tone from honey and base notes of musk and incense; the latter was designed by Saint Laurent himself for himself in 1971.

LAGERFELD and KL HOMME: By Parfums Lagerfeld. Look for solid, masculine scents in *eau de toilette*, natural spray, after-shave and soap.

PACO RABANNE: By Compar. Those famous "about last night" ads, combined with a scent that has "memory," make this a continuing favorite.

SANTOS DE CARTIER: By Cartier. In *eau de toilette* spray or after-shave.

TAILORING FOR MEN: By Clinique. In cologne or cologne spray, citrus top notes mark this complement to Clinique's skin-care line.

And don't forget Stetson, Quorum, Pierre Cardin, Lauder for Men and Estee Lauder's Metropolis.

CONTINUING SPLASHES

ADIDAS: By Beecham. Bold, athletic packaging and scent.

CHAPS: By Ralph Lauren. Masculine and rugged.

JOVAN MUSK: By Beecham. A longtime best-selling musk; other Jovan offerings include Gambler, Grass Oil for Men and Oleg Cassini for Men.

MC GREGOR COLOGNE: By Fabergé. Joins Fabergé's Brut, one of the best-known and most popular names in men's toiletries.

MEMBERS ONLY: By Mem, producers of English Leather. A good-smelling moisturizing after-shave with aloe to be massaged into the skin. Try also: English Leather Musk.

NIGHT SPICE: By Shulton Fragrances. The prime of the spice rack: warm notes of clove and nutmeg.

SPORTSMAN: By Houbigant. Inexpensive; a pleasant outdoors scent.

cedar or patchouli. Some top woodies: Halston Z-14, Astor of the Trumper Collection, Floris of London 89, Lauder for Men, Patou Pour Homme and Woods of Windsor for Gentlemen.

Keep in mind that the above families and classifications are open to debate. Also, since many fragrances involve a blend of several families, some formulas are tough to pigeonhole.

SCENT SELECTION

Here are some tips to follow when shopping for a new scent:

• Sniff around. Avoid grabbing the same cologne/after-shave you've used since college—which is probably the one your dad used, right?

• Remember that women buy as much as 75 percent of all men's fragrances sold. Many scents are directly formulated to be comfortable to women. One buying strategy may be to ask the salesperson which fragrance women find most appealing.

• *Don't* buy a fragrance according to your first-whiff-from-the-flacon reaction. You're reacting only to the top notes. Put some sample fragrance on the back of your hand or the inside of your elbow, a drop at a time, and then walk around the store for a while to let it "bloom on the skin." A half hour after application, see how the subtler middle and bottom notes appeal to you and react to your chemistry.

• Judge a fragrance by the distinctiveness of its top notes (is it memorable?) and then by such intangibles as a connoisseur might use to weigh the difference between a cheap and a fine wine: quality, balance and character.

• Try to keep all fragranced products that you use—deodorant, after-shave and cologne—within the same family.

• Apply cologne and after-shave to pulse points—behind ears, inside wrists and elbows, on neck and chest.

• If you're dining out, don't make the common mistake of overdoing it with cologne or you'll overpower the wine and food.

• Tired of your fragrance? Switch to another brand within the same family. Examples: Trade Paco Rabanne for Tuscany (chypre), Obsession for Lagerfeld (Oriental).

• Finally, don't be afraid to make a splash. Men and women have anointed themselves with fragrance since Adam and Eve discovered the Elysian headiness of laurel, berry and bower. Whether for love, power or just to enjoy another sensuous dimension, scents make nothing but perfect sense.



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"The tartan isn't authentic. The rest of her is for real."

16.

PLAYBOY: Why, then, did you decide to write a movie at this point?

CLEESE: One reason is that I've never yet written one of the big three. That is to say, a stage play, a novel or a screenplay. So I wanted to do that. And I wanted to meet Jamie Lee Curtis before I died. Incidentally, she *can* breathe under water. And I wanted to be in a movie where I got the girl at the end. I've long asked myself, Who is ever, ever going to write a film in which I get the girl? Answer: Me!

17.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of the American version of your *Fawlty Towers* series?

CLEESE: They tried it twice. I can't remember the name of the first one, but it didn't get beyond a pilot. I suspect that the reason it didn't work was that the producers feared it was too mean-spirited. Someone had put pressure on the actors, Harvey Korman and Betty White. Every time they did something mean, which was really what made *Fawlty Towers* funny, they kind of did something to say, "It's all right, folks. It's only a joke." They tried to sanitize the comedy. So that's, I think, why it didn't go beyond a pilot.

And then, sometime later, I had the most extraordinary Hollywood experience in my life. I was at a house party in England and two Americans introduced themselves. They said, "Our company owns the *Fawlty Towers* format. And we're just about to make six of them." My heart leaped to the sound of cash registers, and I asked, "How nice, but would a series about a small private hotel be understood in America?" "No problem with that," they said. "Have you made any changes at all?" I asked. "Just one," they replied. "We've written Basil out." And you know, there's just this moment when you stand there smiling politely, thinking everything you've ever heard about Hollywood is true.

They did it with Bea Arthur, who is very funny. But you see, the dynamic couldn't be right. What is funny about Basil's rudeness, his fury, is that, by and large, it is fueled by fear of his wife, Sybil. That's why he gets into those terrible panics, which produce his rages. Once you changed the dynamic, never mind the gender, there was no way it could have worked. And it didn't. I have always thought that they should have just remade the shows for America, keeping them very, very similar and casting Peter Boyle as Basil Fawlty. He would have been superb.

18.

PLAYBOY: We often hear about the difference between British and American humor. What do you think it is?

CLEESE: I don't pretend to know. I spent two years of my life in America, and I've married Americans twice, but I still feel insecure about making jokes here. But I do suspect that Americans like gags more

than the British, who seem happier to relish insane situations without needing one-liners to trigger the laughs.

19.

PLAYBOY: In *Fawlty Towers*, you raised anger and irritation to an art form. What is it that *really* makes John Cleese mad?

CLEESE: Oh! I thought you were going to say what makes me laugh. What makes me mad? Let me see... yes, people who pretend they're bandicoots. Cream-colored telephones. Arctic explorers who stutter. Bits of string more than 15 inches long. Czech organ-grinders. Square dice. All the usual things.

20.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you were once named one of Britain's ten best-dressed men?

CLEESE: Yes. It was undeserved. In fact, when it was announced over the radio during the rush hour, three of my friends had accidents. I don't dress well, I dress disgustingly. I make a point of it, as I have never met a well-dressed man whom I liked. I went to lunch at Buckingham Palace once and discovered at 11:15 A.M. that I'd mislaid my shirt. My training-film company had it and sent it over by bike. I also have the finest collection of bad-taste ties in the free world. Most of them have a fishy leitmotiv. I choose suede socks, and Turnbull & Asser make me shirts with the buttons missing and holes in the sleeves. Incidentally, may I congratulate you on the way you dress?



An admiral bird.

"No notion's tasty enough. Bill Casey's stuffed and mounted in the Camp David rec room? So what?"

The Reagan era, which began as a celebration of Norman Rockwell Normals and Normalities, ends up this limping parade of skeeks and lawbreakers. The secret crime of the Double-R Regime? Grotesquerie has been devalued as much as the dollar. Only the extreme gets heat.

Forget bread and circuses. Weirdness-wise, in its ultimate incarnation, Team Reagan supplied a diet of pure icing. Now nothing is shocking; no notion's tasty enough. Bill Casey's stuffed and mounted in the Camp David rec room? So what? George Bush runs crack for "Spuds" Noriega on Air Force Two? Big deal.

The return of the Hipness Schism—people who get it versus people who don't—conjures up the mythic Sixties with the force

of Timothy Leary glomming on 1500 mics. To understand the Hippie Decade, you have to absorb what went before. Button-downia. In the Fifties, dullness was next to godliness. And what was psychedelia if not the opposite of dull? The Antidull.

In the same way that nightly body counts injured Sixties citizens to death and violence, Eighties media victims have O.D.'d on weirdness. After all, eight years of the old coot with rouge on his cheeks have anesthetized the popular psyche. To make yourself stand out in this landscape, you have to act very odd. You have to outflank reality. No mean feat, with all this competition from people who aren't even trying.

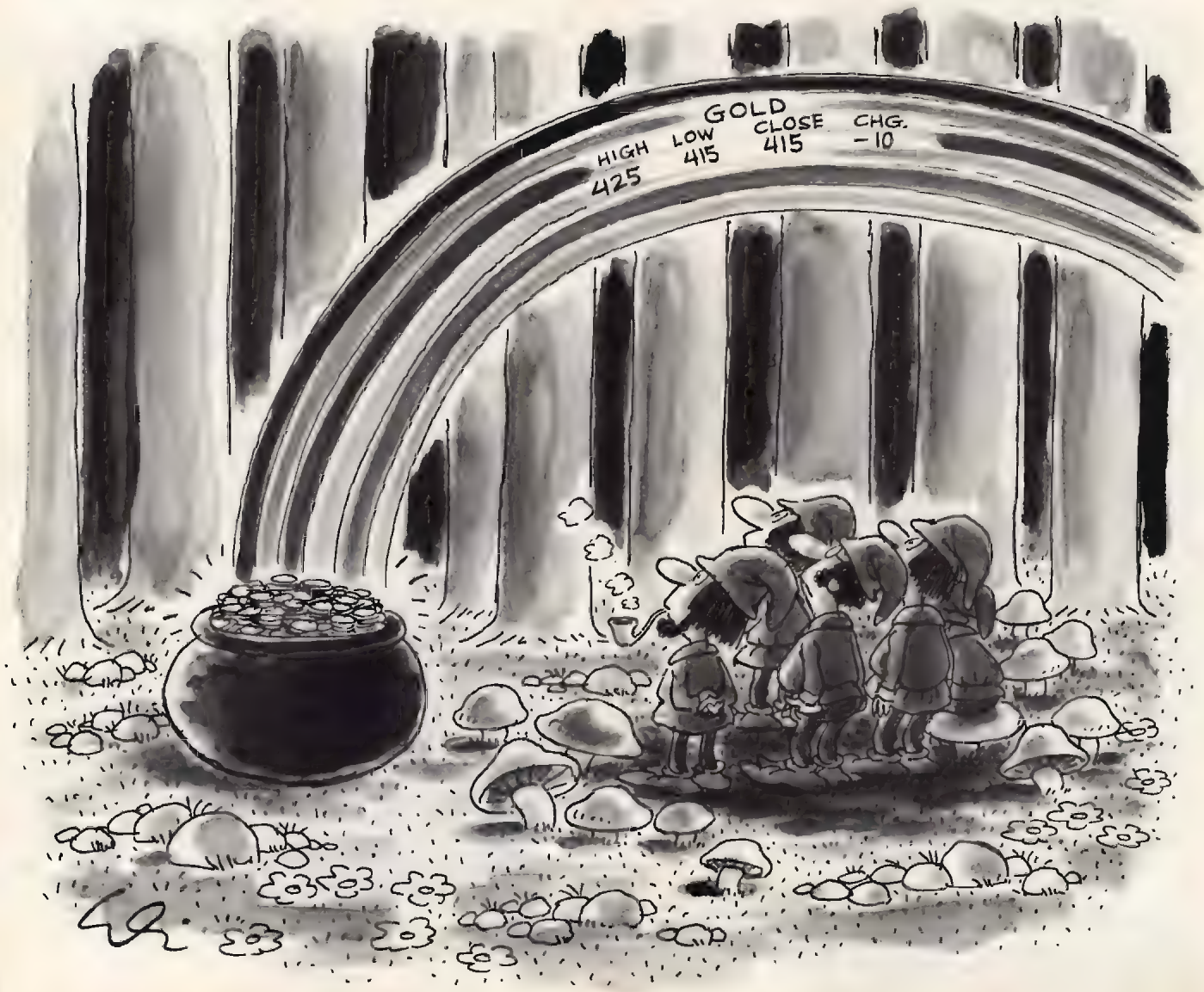
Naturally, the best way to plumb the

depths of Joe Citizen's appetite for the stuff is to delve—where else?—into his most personal, private pleasures. To peep through the keyhole, in other words, when he has got the TV on. The war between Straights and Heads was engaged with a vengeance on the junior screen back in the Paisley Era.

And guess what? The same subverso skirmish is waged almost nightly today. *The Tonight Show* is the *Lawrence Welk Show*. *Letterman* is *Laugh-In*. One caters to squares; one to incipient hepsters.

There's a level on which this all makes surprising sense. See, you have to realize that normal men could dine out till Armageddon on what Ed McMahon makes leasing his face to sweepstakes envelopes. Big Ed's is the face America sees when it dreams of fortune. Larry "Bud" Melman's is not.

Just imagine waking up one fine day to discover you'd been turned not into Kafka's cockroach but—even edgier—in to "Bud" Melman's agent! Your boy's not exactly leading-man material. He can't tell



that the whole world was full of weirdos. It's not true! There are plenty of weirdettes, too. Great ones, such as Chicago's Judy Tenuta. The grand Tenuta never fails to make me squirm, for reasons that may have more to do with my checkered past than with hers. Not that it matters. In college, I had a thing with a girl who accompanied the act with a piercing "Fill me, Daddy! Fill up my incubator of love!" Which strikes me, in retrospect, as vaguely Tenutaesque. At least something someone she knows might say. But enough about me. . . .

The important thing is that Judy, she of the Neo-Grecian gown, bride-of-Frankenstein hair and hell-raising accordion, knows how to throw a serious squirm into an audience. It can't just be secret incubator shame, either. Other people get the squirms, too. I've seen it.

Borscht Belt comics have been *tumeling* over Miami Beach forever. But when Judy talks about the oldsters lounging on the art-deco porches, it's not just laughter she's after.

"What I love is, they sit out there and wait until the sun turns them into purses. And the women who are 12,000,000 years old actually attempt to put lipstick on. 'I'm a purse and I'm gonna try to find my lips.'" Sorry, Grandma.

Tenuta has built a career railing about "stud puppets," promising "love slaves aplenty" to true believers in "Judyism." That kind of thing. Not a whole lot of "What I hate about L.A." jokes. Instead, we get a personal cosmology.

"You know what scares me?" she asks. "When you're forced to be nice to some paranoid schizophrenic just because she lives in your body."

Sure, you say, anyone can act weird in a night club, with a lot of juiced yahoos. But what about where it counts—in the movies? Well, according to the *New York Times* "Arts and Leisure" section, which tracks these things, a new kind of leading man stalks the land: "A strange, distinctly Eighties hybrid of Jimmy Stewart and Dennis Hopper."

A nice guy, in other words, but weird. Just like your De Niro's, your Pacinos, your Nicholsons, Rourkes and Penns, your Cages and Hurts—a whole roster of current superstars who have made coming off strange a bankable corollary to stardom. The whiff of twisthood lends complexity to the requisite two-fisted individualism.

If weirdness spices up a leading man, it also helps define the bad guys. The archetypal villain nowadays is Ray Liotta in *Something Wild*. Wild, of course, stands out as the *ne plus ultra* of cinema weirdité, those semidemented movies where normal fellows are led astray in subterranean swirls of strangeness, with women they never dreamed existed until coincidence swept them together. *After Hours*, another paranoid fable, saw Griffin Dunne sucked into the vortex of downtown Manhattan, like one of those baby gators flushed down

the toilet in the amphibious Fifties.

Actors, of course, don't really require personalities. When they have them, and they make a big deal out of it, it's either because they want to or because they can't help it. Off-the-map talents such as Bob De Niro—your basic bent nice guy, though who knows?—manage to stay more or less invisible between pictures. So you'd figure a relatively new up-and-comer such as, I don't know, Crispin Glover, might be able to maintain a shred of anonymity.

Not so. Seems Crispin's always getting himself in the news. He's a fixture in West Coast party columns. In fact—what is the opposite of anonymous?—the Crispin's carving out his own high-profile niche in the cultural firmament. He can't help it. He's just such an out-there guy.

Hysterical is the word tossed around most often when mention's made of Glover's best-known role, as Layne, the brain-sautéed amphetamine enthusiast in

1987's teen-disturbo classic, *River's Edge*. Crispin turned in one of those performances, for better or worse, that are just a little too convincing.

A peculiar story even floated around *Edge* at release time: The studio had the speed stuff inserted later, after the rest of the thing was shot, so there would be some kind of explanation for Layne's behavior. Back-story heaven! You can't buy that kind of publicity.

As agencies swing into action—word is, William Morris may be first out of the chute with an exclusive weirdo wing—the Glover saga remains a triumph of bent PR, the ideal toward which other strivers may only claw. "I'm so over the top, they had to give my character a drug problem. . . ."

And if it happens to be false—so much the better! You wanna be Public Weirdo Number One, you better be packing the ammo. The mere fact that the trendigentsia take the bait so seriously suggests



"He has two distinct personalities—one chases women and the other watches football."

one suspects, in the three squares consumed by one of the late Eighties' strangest political meat by-products, Morton Downey, Jr.

"Mort," as the throngs on hand like to chant at tapings of *The Morton Downey Jr. Show* over Secaucus superstation WWOR, makes his living as a right-wing bad boy. It's not a pretty job. For one thing, there's that trip to Secaucus every day. Not to mention the little matter of looking in the mirror when he shaves, knowing in his heart of hearts that he owes his job to . . . Wally George.

Grim but true. Like lovable Wally, Mort's peculiar genius is in finding ways to lure *Wrestle mania* fans away from the mat to the no-contact talk show. There just wouldn't be a Mort without a Wally. But unlike *Señor* George, who plays at being a bully, Mort seems weirdly serious. About the weirdest thing you can say about Wally is that he's half the reason Rebecca DeMornay exists. Even that's not weird, necessarily; just unexpected. Like finding out that Wallace Shawn is Arnold Schwarzenegger's dad.

If Mort—he's the son of an Irish tenor famed in the Forties—seems more vehement, he comes off prime numbers ahead of the competition in the I.Q. department. A smart man. Just ask some of the Jersey tireheads who've braved the Downey "loudmouth" podium to voice *their* opinion, only to have *Herr* Host snap, "Zip it up, buddy!"

Mort is one witty guy. Close your eyes, turn back the clock, and you can almost imagine him at the Algonquin, swapping bons mots with Dorothy Parker and the rest of the gang. On the other hand, if someone doesn't get the butt end of his patented epithet, "Pablum puker," the folks on hand are bound to feel disappointed. It's not like anybody came to hear a Com-mie from Planned Parenthood. It's that weirdness fix they're after. The bully rush.

In the end, if any one man embodies the Weirdness Era, it's Geraldo Rivera. Geraldo looks normal, all right. And he is. If it weren't for him, we would not know that famed party clown John Wayne Gacy called his girlfriend "pieface."

Talk about enthralling. Gacy also cemented 30-odd boys under his basement after having sex with them. But we knew that. It's Geraldo's pieface stuff that normal people want to hear. America has a wholesome yen to meet his sweetheart. America must. Geraldo's sponsors wouldn't put up the dough for a show on women who love "lifers" if Mr. and Mrs. Front Porch weren't interested in a major way.

Yes, sir! Here we are. Out of the Me Decade . . . into the Weirdo Years.

Indeed. Cast even the mistiest glance over recent history—Jim Jones and rampant liposuction, Elvis dead in a diaper and Disco Anonymous—and it's hard to believe we ever left.

But maybe that's normal, too.



MOBY DECK

(continued from page 104)

the pale preposterousness had to be the safest hydrohotel ever built. Even her lifeboats had lifeboats. Why, the thing was so big, it wasn't even subject to ocean motion.

Or so I thought my first five days aboard. On the sixth, the sea snickered and went into blender mode, vividly dispelling the illusion that Godzilla was too grand to rock-and-roll. Neither sonar nor stabilizers, bow thrusters nor variable-pitch propellers, Dramamines nor little patches behind the ear could keep queasy cruises from racing to their suckomatics to return their daily six and a half in the most ancient ritual of the sea. I, thank Neptune, was saved by the sheer force of unbendable will not to spend one second suffering aboard the whopping whitefish.

Too soon did my porthole pan across Miami, activating ingenious people-mover technology that, within a few hours, belched all 2081 used passengers onto the dock and replaced them with a fresh cast ready to rerun the cruisereel. I was packed up and shipped out.

So, you ask, sadly sensing that the end of

this saga is near, which was the greatest pleasure of my week with the chalky colossus of the Carib?

Perhaps it was the gala midnight buffet, with its exquisite ice carvings and surrealistic butter sculptures. ("The doors open early for those who bring cameras to take advantage of this photo opportunity.")

Or the magnificent atrium, with its soaring this and cascading that.

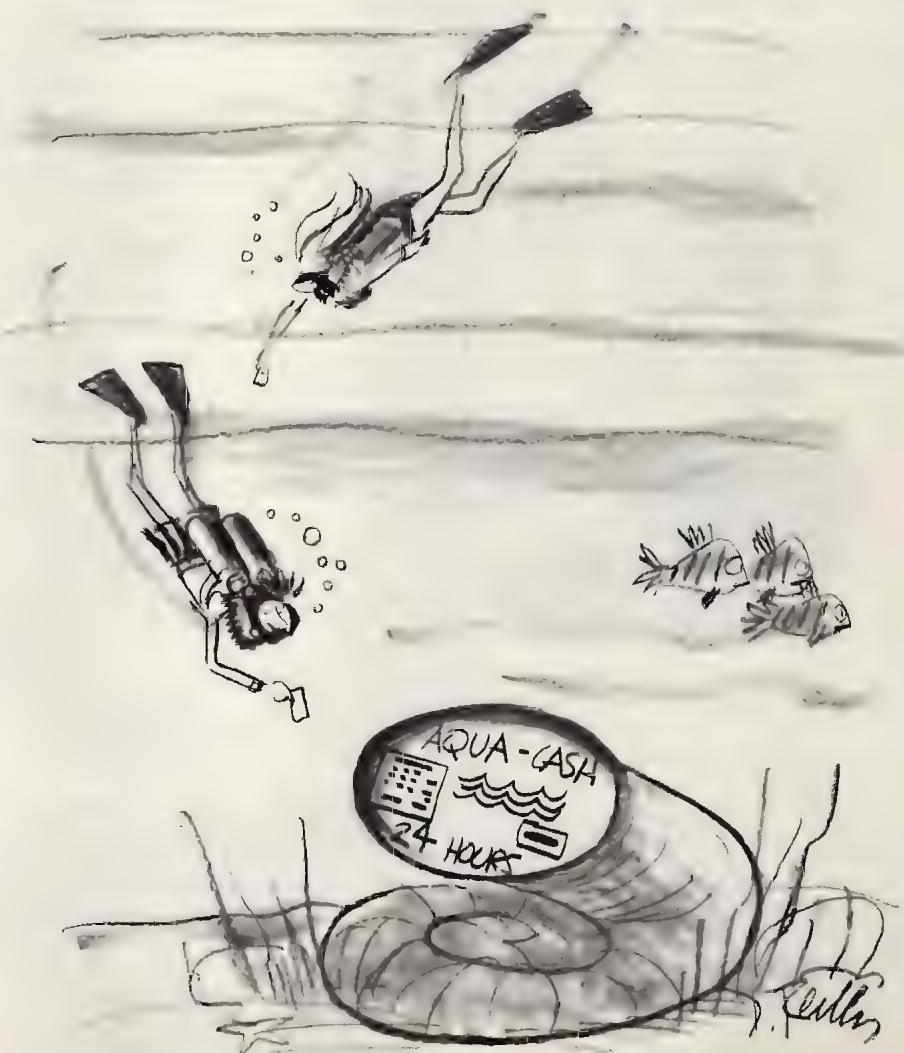
Or the flaming babalus (whatever they are) arriving on the heads of dancing waiters on Caribbean night.

Or my color-photo souvenir of the Carter family, suitable for framing.

Or the glum woman with her arm in a cast who, when asked how she had become impaired, replied, "At the slot machines."

Nope. Grand as those were, the best of all was just climbing to a high deck, leaning on a rail and watching the humongous honkie glide through the calm aquamarine, with the breeze in my hair, the sun warm on my skin and, up above, the vast, bright blue southern sky.

Wish I had a little of that right now. You can have the rest.



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MEN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT

(continued from page 86)

Talmudic scholar.

Bush's learning curve remains similarly flat when one turns to his experience as Vice-President. On most matters of controversy during that eight-year period, sending the Marines to be blown up in Lebanon or the Iran/Contra affair, Bush insists that he was "not in the loop." But during his tenure as Vice-President, he *did* have an important responsibility: He was in charge of formulating the nation's strategy on counterterrorism. He headed the Presidential Task Force on Terrorism and its public report was issued under his name.

In the introduction, signed by Bush, we find the quintessential Bush prose style, reminiscent of résumés and autobiographies: "Our task force was briefed by more than 25 Government agencies, visited 14 operations centers to observe our capability firsthand, met with more than 100 statesmen, military officers. . . . Our conclusion: The U.S. policy and program to combat terrorism is tough and resolute." It ended with a ringing declaration: "We will make no concessions to terrorists." Impressive enough.

Yet that report was issued at the end of February 1986—a month after Bush, as it was later revealed, had attended a meeting with the President to go over a proposal by Oliver North that arms be offered to Iranian terrorists.

Did Bush know for sure that the U.S. Government was planning to give arms to Iranian terrorists at the very moment that he signed his declaration against "concessions to terrorists"? The "Where was George?" taunt by Ted Kennedy and the Democrats at the convention was reinforced by a Republican. A Reagan Administration insider, Constantine C. Menges, the National Security Council expert on terrorism, states in his new book that "the Administration had decided to appease one of the most violent sponsors of terrorism." Bush's basic response to such charges is that he was in the dark, "unaware . . . denied information . . . not in the loop."

He was absent from the crucial December 7, 1985, White House meeting with the President at which George Shultz and Caspar Weinberger strenuously opposed the arms sale to Iran. Bush could have been there but had other things to do. "I was off at the Army-Navy football game," he told *The Washington Post*, "and none of them ever came to me [to discuss their objections]."

He did manage to make another meeting a month later, at which time Shultz and Weinberger protested again. Shultz says, unequivocally, that Bush favored the arms sales. "I don't recall that," Bush has said. Nor does he recall that ten days later, President Reagan approved the covert sale of arms to Iran when he signed an intelligence finding. A Poindexter note places Bush at that meeting as well, but Bush in-

sists, "I do not recall a finding being signed, and I think I'd remember that. The President may have signed the finding, but there was no discussion of a finding in front of me. . . ." Nor does he even "recall" the now well-documented fact that Shultz and Weinberger opposed the arms sales.

Who's lying? Too early, given all the trials to come, to tell. But a more pressing question to ask of one who now seeks to be President is, If he opposed the policy, why didn't he rise in the manner of Shultz and Weinberger to object? "I was persuaded by the President's view on that," Bush said. "Now, if it were a question of, you know, my feeling I may have broken some law or done something wrong, why, then I'd be much more concerned about it," he added. "It's a question of judgment. You correct it and go on to the future."

Sounds reasonable until one recalls that counterterrorism was Bush's terrain within the Administration and that the Iran affair undermined the entire program that Bush had put together. The arms sale to Iran was not a side show in which one gracefully accepted a bit part. Nor was it a matter, à la Ed Meese, of his being legally guilty of a crime. Bush is asking to be President based on his experience in the White House. And the arms sale, more than any other incident in the long eight years, shows Bush being tested on his leadership and judgment. Perhaps, most of all, it demonstrates Bush's lack of seriousness. He told Ted Koppel this past summer that he now views the entire affair not as an occasion for soul searching over a major transgression of stated U.S. policy but as one of "two or three little issues that have gone wrong."

Whoa again. It is not just two or three little issues. The reason the Iran/Contra affair—which threatened to bring down the Reagan Presidency—occurred in the first place was adherence to outmoded attitudes toward the Soviet Union. Briefly, the fiasco of Iran/Contra was made possible by blind adherence to the dying mythology of the Cold War. It presumed, as Ollie North so eloquently testified, a battle between Communist evil and free-world virtue. Stopping communism in Nicaragua justified an alliance with terrorists.

OK. But what if communism is no longer the Evil Empire—unified and determined in its drive to destroy us—as Bush used to say? What if the Cold War is over? Is Bush the man to recognize that sea change, to move it along as fast as possible and to prepare America for the shock of peace breaking out? Iran/Contra was a test of Bush's ability to assert common sense in the midst of a swirl of patriotic and jingoistic hysteria. If Shultz and Weinberger passed that test, Bush failed it.

Would he fail it as President, when dealing with a myriad of communisms in the world may be his biggest challenge? It is ironic, but the record shows that Republicans have been better at exploiting breaks

do that. I persisted. "Oh, what the hell," Brontas said. Both of us stood up to lean over the seat in front of us, while Brontas shook the governor awake.

"Scheer here wants to ask just a couple of questions. OK?"

Dukakis rubbed his eyes sleepily and nodded. I pointed my microphone at him over the seat and blurted out, "When and what did you first think about Vietnam?"

Dukakis, though still rubbing his eyes, seemed not at all perturbed to have been awakened for such a question and spoke extemporaneously—a rarity during a campaign of set speeches: "I think it was 1965, Bob. There were either five or seven of us, Democrats in the legislature, who issued a statement at that time. . . . Then I was—you know my Democratic organization went for McCarthy in 1968 and I was a McCarthy delegate at the Chicago convention. As a matter of fact, we had a fight within my town in 1968 over control of the Democratic organization, because at that time, interestingly enough, Jack Backman, who subsequently became a very liberal legislator, thought that we were being unpatriotic in opposing Johnson in 1968. This was well before Johnson's withdrawal, and so we had a contest, kind of an anti-

Vietnam slate, if you will, between the group that I and other people were leading and this more conservative, whatever, pro-Vietnam group.

"I just felt from the beginning that the whole thing was doomed to failure. And apart from the whole history of the thing, I was just very strongly opposed to the war. And a lot of that had something to do with my experience in Korea, you know, a sense of what was happening over there, and so forth. It's hard to say. I remember reading *The Quiet American*, by Graham Greene, and feeling like I wanted to send 150 copies to key folks in the State Department and say, 'Look, this will take three hours; read it, maybe you'll have some sense of the futility of what you're trying to do.' And, of course, as it went on, it just got worse and worse. . . . It was really one of the worst decades in history. . . ."

I was intrigued by the heartfelt, impromptu response and by Dukakis' choice of reading material on Vietnam. *The Quiet American* is about the efforts of a CIA operative—the Oliver North of his day—to save the Vietnamese for the free world during the time the French colonialists were in Vietnam; his efforts are blundering in a complex cultural and religious ter-

rain. To some old-time antiwar activists, Greene's was the first novel that explained the quagmire that would become the Vietnam war.

Still playing the reporter, I asked Dukakis why he had not backed Robert Kennedy's challenge to Johnson. He smiled and said, "Well, I probably would have, but I was already committed to Eugene McCarthy's campaign as a delegate." Which, of course, was an even earlier and gutsier break with Johnson than backing Kennedy.

I have no doubt that Dukakis is as free of Cold War obsessions as any leading Democrat this side of Jesse Jackson. But his foreign-policy aides are another story. He has attracted the best and the brightest gang, the same sort of Harvard intelligentsia that brought us Vietnam. Some of the old faces, such as John Kennedy aide Ted Sorensen, who wrote the Dukakis platform declaration for the convention, are back. But mostly, they are a far younger crowd who nevertheless seem determined to project what foreign-policy advisor Jim Sternberg terms an "activist" role for America in the world. Whether that means a revamped Kennedy Peace Corps or special forces advisors remains to be seen.

Nor have Dukakis' advisors exhibited the political courage required to lead this country out of its dependency on the Cold War. They have exhibited instead a desperation to win without much concern for the content of their victory. Dukakis' long primary campaign was little more than a series of photo opportunities in which he carefully skirted controversy. Dukakis' staff denigrated the effort of the Jackson people to raise issues, dismissing them as party poopers; that is to say, they trivialized Jackson's concerns, as if they represented the picayune efforts of a spoiler rather than a serious challenge to the politics of the Democratic Party establishment.

Dukakis' campaign manager, Susan Estrich, was so scathing in her attack on Jackson's motives in continuing his fight over the Democratic Party platform that she had to apologize. I was amazed when I heard that, since I had observed Estrich as leader of Ted Kennedy's platform challenge to Jimmy Carter at the 1980 Democratic Convention.

Which was the real Dukakis campaign? The answer came soon enough in the choice of a Vice-Presidential running mate. In probably the most revealing move of his political life, Dukakis sent a message of unmistakable clarity: Win at any price. In turning to the Cold War wing of his own party, presumably to add balance to the ticket, Dukakis indicated clearly that he could countenance the movement of U.S. policy in that direction should he be incapacitated. As a young Congressman, Lloyd Bentsen advocated the use of nuclear weapons to end the Korean War.



"All right, then, how about this: my place, Glenn Miller records, rye and ginger and just a little mutual masturbation, inside top, outside bottom. . . .?"

You're not worried about the Phyllis Schlaflys and the Pat Robertsons saying this guy is an A.C.L.U. guy, and a secular humanist? Doesn't bother you? Why not?

DUKAKIS: Because I don't think people believe it. In any event, I think you've got to stand up and be counted, and my experience has been if you do it, people respect you for doing it, whether they agree with you or not. I just feel strongly about these issues, and there's no question that growing up politically during the Fifties had a lot to do with it.

When I saw Dukakis after the interview had appeared, and the attacks on him by Bush were in full swing, he smiled and said, "I can handle it; it's what I said and what I believe." No finger pointing at the reporter as the source of his problems. He seems centered and able to handle himself in a way not always obvious in Bush. The polls indicate that the voters tend to view him that way as well. They regard Dukakis as a centrist despite the fact that he is for legal abortions, against the death penalty, for strong civil liberties, against *Contra* aid and for a vigorous Government's role in

the economy. Bush finds it frustrating that the voters have not turned to him as the centrist standard bearer, and while on a check list of labels and credentials, Bush may appear to be more of a centrist than Dukakis, there may be something else at work here. The voters may be looking to a centrist manner or temperament rather than a check list of the issues.

Bush is perceived by many voters as erratic. The man, either through his own psychology or because he's a Northeastern establishment Republican transplanted to Houston, doesn't inspire confidence even within his Republican constituency. He was, after all, defeated in two Senate races in conservative Texas, once by Bentsen. The only elections he has won have been in his wealthy home district in Houston. From the beginning of his political career to the present, the right wing of his party has never trusted him and has voted that way in every primary. So he must constantly touch base with the party faithful by taking positions that his closest advisors say he doesn't really mean. His campaign manager, Lee Atwater, once told me, "The luckiest break for Bush would be for the Administration never to win on any of the social issues." That way, Bush would get to

have his rhetorical cake without eating the consequences.

Atwater cited issues that go to the heart of a contradiction in the Republican program: Polls show that most Americans are against the right-wing social program and do prefer cuts in the military budget over those in social spending. They may be for occasionally tough talk on foreign issues, as long as there is no war and no draft. They are for curtailing the liberties of others but not their own; zero tolerance on drugs for the ghetto but not for the country club. In his effort to straddle those contradictions, Bush has seemed all over the place throughout his career. For the E.R.A. one moment and against it another. Against an amendment making abortions illegal at one moment and not so sure another. That balancing act has left Bush an exhausted, harried figure requiring constant self-testing to prove to himself and the rest of us that he does hang together.

Maybe, by contrast, Dukakis is too orderly and too careful to lead us anywhere different from where we've already been. Maybe he will just pull us together and ease us intact into the New Age. Dukakis bears all of the marks of the second-generation-immigrant's family, determinedly denying all remaining vestiges of the old world's style while nostalgic about its dreams. Dukakis is Michael Corleone in *The Godfather* but has nothing to do with crime, mind you. He is as squeaky clean as they come, but in the sense of always taking care of business. No wild dancing, glass throwing or drinking for him, but tears do well up when he recalls his immigrant father going from the family store to Harvard Medical School. That is the source of his liberalism, a vision in which everyone makes it—blacks, women, the Third World—through hard work and increased opportunities, just as his people did.

Dukakis is easy to understand, because most of us have attempted to follow that same path with varying degrees of success. Shape up, keep your nose clean, work hard and you will get respect. Bush is driven by demons unique to those who have nothing to prove to the rest of us. His style is more suggestive of the man who talks a good game but leaves us a bit uneasy, all because we are not sure where the joke ends and when he might explode. He seems to be trying too hard to answer a question that he alone is posing, some matter of self-worth that gnaws at his innards and threatens to undermine his surface optimism and geniality. It's the difference between the mongrel who loves to rush out and get the paper and the overly inbred springer spaniel who is poised and happy—until he bites just for the heck of it.





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WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY

In fine leathers, tweeds or even waterproof urethane-coated nylon, that weekend bag you stuff into an airplane overhead bin or lash to the boot of your vintage roadster has come a long way from being an anonymous duffel. Styles may vary from a traditional soft-sided case to the classic leather Gladstone bag, but the image reflected is pure travel-

ing savvy. Most come with reinforced seams and handy vinyl-lined compartments for toiletries and the like. (Another neat feature to look for is an inside ring on a strap to which you can attach your house keys.) Choose wisely and you and your weekend companion will be the classiest traveling duo since Jeeves and Bertie Wooster motored south to the sun.

Clockwise from top left: Extra-large urethane-coated nylon duffel bag with leather trim, from Hunting World, New York, \$570. Wool Gentry tweed carry-on bag with calfskin handles and reinforcement straps, from Rosenthal-Truitt, Los Angeles, \$245. Calfskin one-suitcase carry-on bag with pigskin trim, from Mark Cross, Chicago, \$850. Windsor grain-leather hand-sewn Gladstone bag with brass fittings, from T. Anthony, Ltd., New York, \$1200. Canvas-and-cowhide weekend bag handmade in England, from Asprey, New York, \$475.

RICHARD IZUI

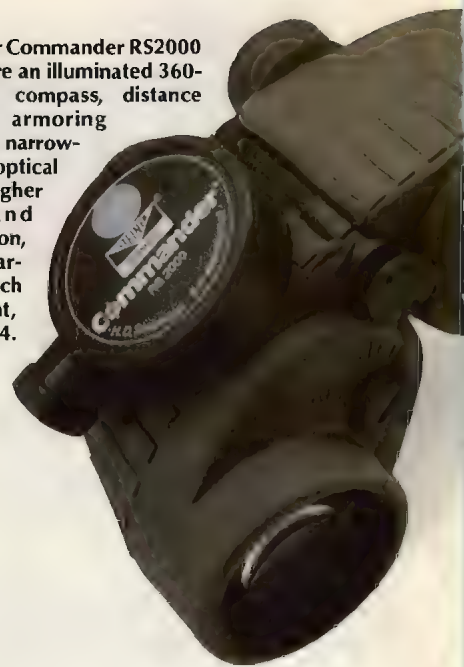


S U P E R S H O P P I N G



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The 7x50 Steiner Commander RS2000 binoculars feature an illuminated 360-degree bearing compass, distance range, rubber armoring and a unique narrow-beam compact optical design with higher brightness and sharper resolution, from Pioneer Marketing & Research Co., Westmont, New Jersey, \$894.




Handmade cognac-colored European desk set in calfskin, by Arte Cuoio, includes a pencil holder, \$185, an IN/OUT tray, \$235, and a letter holder, \$205, all from Marcovici Designs, Boston.




These lightweight Air Mariah road-racing shoes are made of nylon with colorful and contoured polyurethane soles, plus a special Air-Sole suspension. Hit the road and color them gone, by Nike, Beaverton, Oregon, \$65.




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GRAPEVINE

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Actress **ARIELLE DOMBASLE** wrote the screenplay for *Les Pyramides Bleues*, which was presented at the Cannes Film Festival this past spring. She also stars in it with Omar Sharif. Until it plays in America, we're content with dreams of a smart and beautiful woman.



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Batter Up!

The beauty behind the mask at home plate is actress **LAUREN HUTTON**, who played ball at a benefit for the tenth anniversary of New York Women in Film. Lauren will be on screen at your theater any day now in *Bull Dance*. She plays the director of a girls' school in the Antonioni film. Whatever Hutton plays, baseball or make-believe, she does it with class.

PAUL NATKIN PHOTO RESERVE

Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace

We love this: the **FAT BOYS** and **CHUBBY CHECKER** checking out the queen's guard on a trip to London for Freedom Fest. The Boys are doing a new movie, *Fat Wolf*, for the summer of 1989, a cartoon for TV, *Super Fats*, and the theme for *Nightmare on Elm Street, Part IV*. These guys are really rolling.



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Flying High

It's all in the family with the **JETS**, brothers and sisters ranging in age from 14 to 22. Their *Magic* album took off.

This Jury Is In

Actress-model-dancer **VERA JURY** goes native with a natural flair. She has appeared in rock videos and is about to make her big-screen debut. If there's any justice, Jury will triumph.



© 1988 MARK LEVDAL



Once in Love with Amy

Actress **AMY PANTI-ER** has appeared in TV's *Maude*, in a role in *Alligator* and in Mattel's *Barbie's Beauty Boutique*. Amy's at her best in *Grapevine*.

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PLAYBOY'S PREMIERE ART POSTER: HOPPE TO IT

Remember Robert Hoppe's elegant art-deco illustration of city night life that appeared on the cover of our January 1988 issue? It's available as a 34" x 24" special limited-issue poster titled *Playboy Anniversary 1988*—the debut offering from a new Playboy subsidiary, Special Editions, Ltd., created to market our extensive art collection. The price of this unique, eye-catching Hoppe is only \$65 (plus \$6.60 for a special mailing tube, postage and handling) sent to Playboy Products, P.O. Box 1554, Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60009. *Anniversary*, by the way, is the first in a series of quality posters reproduced from original *Playboy* artwork that will be available soon. To come are works by the late Patrick Nagel and Alberto Vargas, plus other highly collectible *Playboy* artists. Keep an eye out.



JAZZ BY THE BOOK

Here's something to applaud: *The New Grove Dictionary of Jazz*, which is available in a 1400-page, two-volume set, covers topics dating from the origins of jazz all the way to today's jazz resurgence. Included are 3000 bios, plus jazz terms, illustrated topics, lists of jazz festivals and much, much more. The price: \$305, postpaid, sent to Grove's Dictionaries of Music, 15 East 26th Street, New York 10010. Groovy, daddy!

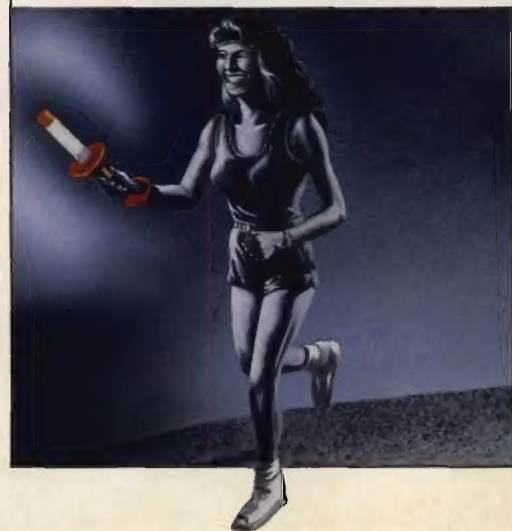
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To the adage "Speak softly and carry a big stick" may be added, "Run safely and carry a Loud-Stik." Two Loud-Stiks are available: a 14-inch plastic baton that shines an electric light and features an air horn (\$33, postpaid) or a 36-inch walking-stick version with the same functions (\$43). Orders go to Loud-Stik Corp., Suite 209, 11125 Rockville Pike, Rockville, Maryland 20852. You're coming in Loud-Stik and clear.



VINTAGE STOCK

Wine Ambiance, "a catalog of wine cellars and accessories . . . for people serious about wine," is an oenophile's dream come true. Inside is everything your little bibbing heart could desire, from pre-built refrigerated cellars for your finest *vinos* to original prints, such as the framed, circa-1930 Grand Parisy Champagne one pictured here. (It's \$275.) Two dollars sent to Wine Ambiance, 703 Market Street, Suite 2100, San Francisco 94103, gets you the catalog. It's a real corker.



YOU'RE TALKING BALDERDASH!

Looking for an indoor pastime to while away the long winter months? Try Balderdash, a best-selling Canadian game that has crossed the border to challenge U.S. masterminds. The object: to outbluff your opponents by creating definitions to real but zany words such as olecranon. (That's your funny bone, stupid.) Joe Isuzu and Jon Lovitz would love it.

LOOK! UP ON THE WALL! IT'S A MARTINI!

Now that the cocktail has returned, the clever entrepreneurs at RJ Design, 24293 Telegraph Road, Southfield, Michigan 48034, have drafted a smashing alternative to a bartender's manual. *Liquid Assets* is a 36" x 24" poster printed on high-gloss paper that's a blueprint for the fixings of 20 classic cocktails (plus a few maverick concoctions such as a devil's tail). The poster is \$25, postpaid. A 24" x 18" version costs \$12. Look up and drink up.



SLICK DICK

You may not have Richard Nixon to kick around anymore, but you can still shower with him if you like. Banning Enterprises in Farmingdale, New York, is marketing the PVC Tricky Dick shower head for \$14.95 through Bloomingdale's, Macy's and other fun stores around the country. But if getting wet with Dick isn't your idea of a good time, Banning also manufactures Bubba the Gorilla, a bearded snorkeler, and Hot Lips, a sleazy blonde. Shower with the best!



A FORCE TO RECKON WITH

If ever there were a catalog created with James Bond in mind, the one from Life Force Technologies, Ltd., P.O. Box 4165, Aspen, Colorado 81612, is it. Items range from an infrared night scope to an electronic expense recorder and a single-seat helicopter powered by hydrogen peroxide. One catalog is two dollars or you can fork over five dollars for a year's worth (four catalogs) of information on exotic goodies. The ladies in the Life Force catalogs are up to 007's standards, too.



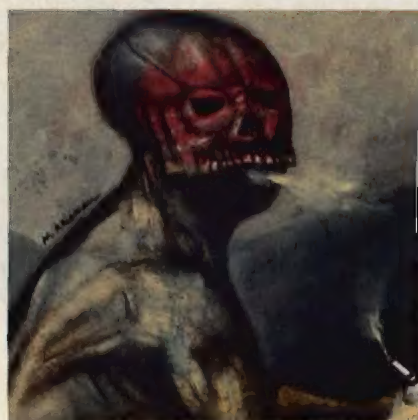
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